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The Week

MR. HOOVER, and the relief organizations behind him, asks us to help save the lives of three and a half million children, starving in Central Europe. Ten dollars is enough to keep one child alive for a year. As we walk past the Christmas shop-windows filled with rocking-horses, walking dolls, companies of tin soldiers, small electric trains buzzing around small circular tracks, it is too easy to forget the countless children, the invisible thin pale children several thousand miles away, who are not asking for these things, but in whose minds the thought of the next meal glows brighter than any Christmas tree,—the small Lizas, Jakobs, Karels, Branislavas who want only a little plain rye bread to help keep them alive until next Christmas. May it be merrier for them than this.

THE session of the Assembly of the League of Nations at Geneva is over, and the delegates of the small nations go home with the feeling that not they, but the Allies, are still firmly in control of the League. For it has definitely been proved that the Council, controlled by the large Powers, carries more weight than the Assembly. The Council stood firm against the request that it publish the terms under which mandates are held, and submitted the drafts of them to the Assembly's committee only on condition that they be kept secret. As a result, the committee's report was a rebuke to the Council, and the expression of strong desire that mandates should contain no trace of militarism, that they should guarantee the native resources against exploitation, and that their terms should be published as soon as possible. This was on the 16th. On the closing day of the Assembly, while it was passing a resolution that Powers holding territory under mandates should not exploit it or raise troops from the inhabitants, Mr. Balfour rose to say that his government's freedom of action could not be limited by "anything the Assembly does at this or any other meeting." The first round is plainly the Council's victory. And yet the vitality and self-consciousness of the Assembly surpassed anything that we had expected of a body so obviously powerless and so conglomerate. Whatever the meeting may have shown about the League, or the balance of power in the world, it revealed a quite unexpected advance in the temper even of official world opinion. At Geneva imperialism had to apologize or to issue a defiance. It was not taken at its face value.

BY good political management on the part of its delegate, Mr. Wellington Koo, China has been elected a member of the Council. Japan very likely voted against China in the secret ballot, as it had strenuously if guardedly fought against the election on the floor of the Assembly. England and France voted for China, and considering that they led resistance of the great Powers against the small nations' attempts to democratize the League, their action is creditable. China secures a somewhat strategic position in regard to Shantung because under the unanimity clause she can block all other business, and trade her vote.

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WITH the President's approval, the Secretary of Labor has ordered Mr. Martens, the Soviet Russian agent, to be deported, on the ground that he is affiliated with an organization that seeks the "overthrow of the United States government by force and violence." Mr. Martens's sole concern in this country has been with trade relations, and his aloofness from their councils has led American communists to criticize him. He has personally done nothing for which he could be deported, and Secretary Wilson in his decision admits there is no evidence that he expressed belief in the use of force, or that he "ever distributed or caused to be distributed any literature containing any propaganda of that character." The sole reason then is his connection with a government that at one time frankly hoped, and even a little planned, stupidly, for the overthrow of our own. That was when the presence of American troops on Russian soil made such an attempt quite as justifiable as our own attempts to upset the German government during the war or our persistent attempts to overthrow the Soviets. For war it has been between us and the Bolsheviks. What Mr. Martens was trying to do was to end the war, to make a peace which of necessity would have included the taking of the strongest guarantees against plotting on either side. To this the Administration replies by keeping Mr. Martens here while he was in a position to do the most damage, and then deports him just when Russia and Europe are approaching a general peace.

HIDDEN in a clutter of unimportant measures, Senator Poindexter's bill to punish railroad strikes with fines up to $15,000 and maximum of 15 years in jail, was sneaked through the Senate without a record vote or even a word of debate. The Senator, whose carelessness or craft prompted the reading of the bill while most of the Senators were somewhere else, has little to his credit for the incident. And the mere fact that a bill, the like of which does not exist we believe in the civilized world, is passed without vote or debate is a symptom of the recklessness at large in the Republican party. The bill combines the cowardice of the vote-dodger with the furtiveness of a very bad conscience.

AS if in answer to Senator Poindexter, there was a meeting in Washington the next day of liberal congressmen, railroad union chiefs, members of the Farmer-Labor party, and other progressives. It is generally understood that Senators La Follette, Walsh, France and Norris were there, Senator-elect Ladd and several Republican, Democratic and Non-Partisan League representatives. What happened is a secret, except for a vague statement given out at the end of the meeting, that the "legislative situation" was discussed, a bureau of legislative information suggested to prevent just such accidents as the Poindexter bill, and plans laid for the "better coordination of the liberal forces of the country." The meaning of this secret council of progressives is plain: There are reactionary storm-clouds enough gathering on the political horizon to force progressives, of different parties and labels, to stand together.

THE Joint Committee for Aid to Disabled Veterans has made to Congress recommendations that if accepted should go a long way to wipe out the national scandal of the neglect of former soldiers. Of about 150,000 veterans entitled to vocational training, only 60,000 are receiving it; of a total of between 500,000 and 600,000 discharged with disabilities, only 20,000 are now in hospitals. The remedies proposed by the Joint Committee are several, and chief among them are: the coordination of the now quite separate Bureau of War Risk Insurance, Rehabilitation Division of the Federal Board for Vocational Education, and the Public Health Service; adequate hospital facilities under government control; the decentralization of the War Risk Bureau; which now operates almost entirely from one headquarters in Washington; and the extension of vocational training with maintenance to men who, though now able to work at their former jobs, may be out of work if time aggravates their disability. These recommendations should establish the disabled men's right to preferential treatment, and should put the schemes for payment of indiscriminate lump sum bonuses in the background until the national debt to the disabled men has been discharged.

THE Court of Inquiry which the Department of the Navy appointed to investigate its own actions in Haiti has finished its work and come to the conclusion that two (it does not say "only two") unjustifiable homicides and sixteen other acts of serious violence were committed by "individuals of the personnel of the United States naval service," and that all these were isolated, individual acts and were duly punished. This is all the Court found. In other words it combines a whitewash of the marines in Haiti with a rebuke to Major General Barnett for his statement that "practically indiscriminate killing of natives had been going on for some time." The Court of Inquiry may be quite right and General Barnett quite wrong, and perhaps only two of the 2,250 dead natives were killed "unjustifiably." We are not convinced. Such a decision, by such a court, appointed by the executive to scrutinize itself, can scarcely do more than

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quiet suspicions in the minds of those who most desire to be rid of them altogether.

THE farmers, whose crops this year, twelve of them the largest in our history, are yet worth some five billion dollars less than they were last year, have been listened to by Congress more attentively than most other interests. The Senate passed a resolution ordering the revival of the War Finance Corporation to help the financing of farm products abroad, and the House Committee on Banking and Currency has ordered this resolution to be favorably reported. In spite of the Secretary of the Treasury's opposition, Democrats from Southern and Western states joined with Republicans. This alliance resulted in another measure favorable to the farmers: for the Senate passed a bill allowing farmers to bargain collectively without liability under the anti-trust law.

FORTUNES vary in the war the New York Clothing employers have declared on the Amalgamated Clothing Workers. The manufacturers claim that ten shops have reopened with a full complement of workers, willing to take piecework rates. The Amalgamated answers with a list of eight shops that have settled with it and received some concessions. Pickets are being arrested, charged with violence which they deny. The best test of who is right in this case is in the answers of each party to the offer of the New York Industrial Commission to mediate in the dispute: the Amalgamated accepts; the Clothing Manufacturers' Association refuses, with little expression of good cause, but plenty of charges that the union intends to "sovietize the industry," and hints that they have evidence of extortion and illegal practices by union agents.

AGAINST news, the Czech frontiers are as well patrolled as any, and it was two weeks after the trouble with the Communists started that our press knew anything about it. All at once we learned that the Czech Communists had declared a general strike, that one-half the working class supported them and obeyed the call, that revolutionary committees were in control of several towns, that the trouble was mainly in Bohemia, and that the troops which had been hurriedly sent into Slovakia, where the worst discontent was expected, as hurriedly came back again, restored order in some places, in others remained passive or sided with the strikers. Now it appears that the strike was not so much an imitation of the Bolshevik November revolution as a test of strength, a protest against the high cost of living and the delay in socializing the large estates. These were not the only demands of the strikers that point to social discontent rather than desire for a new government: they also demanded the release of all revolutionary labor prisoners, a freedom of the press, the recognition of workmen's councils on large estates, the immediate passage of the government's socialization schemes. The strike was also part of a struggle for power between the left and right wings of the Social Democratic party, in which the Communist left on the whole prevailed. Add popular discontent with unemployment, high prices and scarcity of houses and you have all the elements of trouble for which "revolution" is perhaps too serious a name.

THE London Nation has discovered in the French "Démocratie Nouvelle" a terse and frank explanation of French policy in Syria, made at Marseilles by General Gouraud, who has been in command of the French troops in Asia Minor:

> We are in Syria to guarantee the execution of the French mandate, and we shall remain in Cilicia just so long as the fulfillment of the Treaty of Sèvres requires it: so we shall remain in Syria because if we weren't there, others would be instead. This would mean the eclipse of our prestige and influence in the Eastern Mediterranean, in the Levant and all the East. Besides,—and this should be known in France,—Syria is a very rich country . . . . .
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> To sum it up in a word: The affair will pay well. That is why we should stay in Syria, and why we are going to stay there.

For a long time French designs in Syria have, to say the least, been under suspicion, which such words do something to confirm.

THE Allied Supreme Council has at last agreed to a settlement of the northern frontier of Palestine. According to this settlement Palestine is to include the whole of North Galilee, as far north as a line joining the Zionist settlement of Mettullah and Banias, the site of the Biblical Dan. But what is more important, the use of the waters of the Upper Jordan and the Yarmuk have been guaranteed, and only the details of the arrangement remain to be worked out between French and Zionist technicians. It is hoped that the concession of water rights will be interpreted liberally, for on the use of the waters of the Yarmuk and the Upper Jordan depends afforestation and the construction of irrigation works and storage reservoirs, the building up and maintenance of which works may prove to require the inclusion of the area within the territorial bounds of Palestine. Territory has not been the main consideration of the Zionist claims, but practical access to the sources of a vigorous economic life, so that the land may be redeemed from its present neglected state and be made to sustain in

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prosperity a population many times larger than it does now. The boundary settlement, while falling short of the full requirements, does at least lay the foundations for a project in which all liberals have been keenly interested. And now that the Zionist plan is entering on a new phase, liberals should continue their interest and their practical aid.

FROM this week's crop of Russian rumors: General Denikin has refused a pension and the Order of the Bath from the British government because of its trade negotiations with Soviet Russia. A dispatch from Helsingfors says that workmen in 78 Petrograd factories returned 70 Mensheviki as against 15 Bolsheviki in a local election. The French Labor Party (C. G. T.) may vote to join the Third International after all. Lenin has given up Italy as a bad job and Bolshevik propaganda there has been abandoned. The French Foreign Office learns that 40,000 Russian troops are concentrating along the Lithuanian border for another drive on Poland. Agents of the Standard Oil Company are in Moscow negotiating with the Soviet government for a monopoly of petroleum in the Caucasus and elsewhere. Rumania is adopting "measures indicative of war" with Russia over the possession of Bessarabia. Japan is sending into Siberia 1,500 new troops for every 200 withdrawn, and her troops occupy ports in Kamchatka as well as the Maritime Province and Sakhalin. Reactionary Russians arrested by the provisional government of Vladivostok and the Maritime Province produce certificates of their employment as Japanese secret service agents.

THESE are scattering returns from various parts of the world: The Italian Senate has ratified the Rapallo treaty by a vote of 262 to 22. The Assembly adopted the plan for a permanent court of international justice, but without compulsory arbitration; established an international commission to receive the secured pledges of states without credit and authorize them to issue gold bonds in payment for goods they require; and voted to demand of the larger nations a commission with arbitrary powers to end the world-wide opium and white slave traffics. The Polish government has made the Treaty of Versailles guarantees of the rights of minorities law of the land; is ready to begin many reforms in favor of the Jews; and is to court martial General Balahovich for atrocities committed against them. The Swiss Labor Party has refused to join the Third International, by a vote of 350 to 213. Mustapha Kemal Pasha declares that Armenia is now "under the tutelage of Moscow." A Bolshevik has entered the Armenian cabinet, and 10,000 Russian troops have crossed the border from Transcaucasia. Great Britain is building 6 destroyers and 9 submarines while the United States has under construction 66 and 53 respectively. The Hungarian authorities are taking steps to intern all alien Jews. There is renewed gossip that the Prince of Wales intends to marry an Irish girl. The League's military commission has advised that Poland be given military control of Danzig. King Constantine has arrived in Athens in a triumph of popular rejoicing. Government and labor figures place the number of Great Britain's unemployed at one million. The American Red Cross estimates that two million Russian refugees are in various parts of Europe, over half of them in Poland. M. Viviani reiterates, before the Assembly of the League, France's determination not to admit Germany. Adolph Joffe, Soviet negotiator of the peace with Poland, protests against the use of Allied troops in Vilna, and adds that he has conclusive evidence that Poland is providing General Zeligowski with men and munitions.

Daniels in the Lions' Den

THE question of what Secretary Daniels is up to requires an answer. A much criticized pacifist causes consternation throughout the world by urging a naval competition with Great Britain, by rejecting the idea of a five years' naval holiday, by brandishing a still greater program as the possible supplement to the gigantic program already under way. To the suggestion of a few years' grace at the conclusion of a world war, of a few years in which to estimate conditions, he replies with vague but terrifying statements that if the three leading Powers limit their building there will be an "alliance in the old sense." If he cannot have universal reduction under a league, he would rather challenge Britain and Japan to build against us. He would rather incite an enmity that really matters than to make an agreement which might be criticized.

Like all forcible-feeble men, Mr. Daniels is trying to bully the opposition. Most particularly he is trying to bully the American people. He is trying to demonstrate to them that their own votes last November mean an enormous burden of armaments. He is trying to sabotage the Republicans by making them sponsor staggering taxes under pressure of a jingo backfire lighted by Mr. Daniels himself. These tactics of his are not new. They are according to a pattern which he employed before at one of the most critical moments of modern history.

Two years and over ago the President was pre-

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paring to sail for the Peace Conference. A feature of his program was an improvement in the international regulation of sea power. It was inaccurately known as the "freedom of the seas." But Mr. Lloyd George had succeeded in securing the assent of the victorious Allies to a drastic amendment of the Fourteen Points by which Britain reserved complete liberty of action on questions of sea power. Mr. George was also jockeying for his December elections in which he proposed to renew his mandate on a jingo outcry against a Wilson peace. At that moment Mr. Daniels became the spokesman of a bright idea. He threatened England publicly with a race of armaments. His bright idea was that England would at once surrender to the threat, and eat out of the President's hand.

But Mr. Daniels did not know England, or Europe, or the ways of worldly men. Never having lived in a country that brings its food from overseas, nor in a country that had gone through the nightmare of the attempted submarine blockade, he expected his threat to work. It worked, but in exactly the opposite way from what Mr. Daniels had hoped. Mr. George, instead of rushing to Mr. Wilson for a new code of maritime law, rushed to M. Clemenceau for a promise of support. It was given quid pro quo, and the Peace Conference began with Mr. Wilson already isolated. Instead of the working arrangement with Britain, which alone could have secured a liberal peace, the American delegation confronted a working arrangement between the British interest in sea power and the French interest in land power.

From all of that Mr. Daniels seems to have learned nothing. Nor has he considered the logic of challenging Japan and Britain at once. America faces two oceans. Britain and Japan are allied, but their alliance expressly excludes Britain from a conflict between America and Japan. Mr. Daniels seems to think that if he outbuilds Britain he will somehow achieve security. On the contrary he will simply drive Britain into closer and closer naval alliance with Japan. For no matter what he says about his intentions, both Britain and Japan will look at the ships and not at the words spoken about them. They will see in those ships a common danger and the need of a united front. They will do exactly what Russia and England did before 1914 when Germany began to do what Mr. Daniels proposes to do.

It is the sure road to ruin. There can be no greater folly than to suppose that in building against Great Britain you are competing ship for ship with the British navy. If the General Board of the Navy thinks that relative paper strength means anything, it is indulging in a bureaucratic delusion. To lay down ship for ship against Great Britain is to set in motion a quest of alliances all over the world. The material for them exists. Having made an enemy of Russia, betrayed China, outraged much of Latin-America, with our position as creditor as an incitement to popular animosity throughout Europe, we should soon find that instead of a navy equal to any other we had a navy that had to face the greater part of the world.

It is not too late to halt the madness. Not even the frantic Mr. Daniels will claim that England is going to attack us in the next five years, and the American navy, assuming that it is tolerably efficient, is more than a match for Japan. If Congress will adopt Senator Borah's resolution for a five year's naval holiday, if President Harding will act sincerely upon it and begin negotiations, there will be at once more security for America than under any conceivable building program. Postpone the race five years and it may never take place. If the Democrats believe one syllable of their talk about the value of a cooling-off period, they will grasp at the chance to vote for the Borah resolution.

Five years untroubled by competitive navy bills, by official scares, spying, and jingo debates: in that time much can be done. There can be an Irish settlement. There can be a workable peace on the continent. There can be a negotiation of our differences with Japan. There can be a strengthened and purified League. But none of these things can be if the three great naval Powers of the world are preparing for Armageddon. For with such danger in sight, the jingoes must necessarily be top dog. They alone will seem to talk the language of national defense.

Five years respite: there will be a chance to shatter the hideous frivolity of those who are talking lightly of an Anglo-American war. Do those who contemplate it have any conception of what it would mean? They do not seem to have. For if they could imagine the devastation and anarchy of such a war, they would say to the Hearsts and Bottomleys: It shall never happen; there is no question that can arise between the English-speaking peoples, no political interest, no commercial rivalry, no question of honor, right, justice and all the rest in which we will even consider a threat of war, whether as a bluff, or a piece of propaganda, or as international poker playing. There are very few things indeed in the sphere of politics that have the quality of an absolute dogma. But the unthinkability of war between Britain and America is such a dogma. The havoc of such a war would surpass any possible damage from any conceivable compromise.

Compromises there will have to be. Britain and America touch at so many points in the world

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that there arise between them fundamental problems of power and interest. The control of the seas is one of the most fundamental because the solution of the problem goes to the source of international order. It can never be solved through ordeal by battle. It can only be approached in an atmosphere of security. And the only final security is a knowledge in both peoples that they never intend to fight.

Tinkering the Coal Problem

THAT there is a coal problem of the most serious import is recognized by the Senate Committee on Reconstruction and Production. National development, they say in their preliminary report, "depends on an ever-increasing supply of power. Heat is as necessary for production, in fact, for human existence, as is air and water." "Yet the production and distribution of coal is badly organized and subject to manipulation at the expense of the people." "An exceptional demand not only brings about reckless and unwarranted repudiation of contracts made for delivery of coal but the substitution of inferior quality at higher prices.". "Our investigation into the coal situation has convinced us that the private interests now in control of the production and distribution of coal, in spite of efforts by some, are actually unable to prevent a continuance or a repetition of the present deplorable situation." And therefore the committee recommends that all coal operators and dealers be compelled by statute to file reports as to tonnage, quality, prices, etc., "for possible use by the Department of Justice and other Governmental agencies."

We have no quarrel with these findings and recommendations. They are good so far as they go. By all means, let us get rid of coal contracts "so drawn as to be breakable in delivery, in quality and in price." By all means, let us have as much light as possible on discrimination and profiteering. But all the world knows, the root of the evil lies much deeper than mere business irregularities and occasional profiteering. The coal industry, as it now stands, is grossly inefficient and our whole national industry is taxed and handicapped on account of this inefficiency. No mere system of reporting, no sporadic prosecution of profiteers, will lift this burden from our economic life.

This national coal supply of ours, as essential to us as water and air, we are taking from the ground under the greatest diversity of circumstances. Here a great company, equipped with the most perfect appliances, is producing its tens of thousands of tons; there a miserably financed local concern is taking out a few tons by methods a half century out of date. In some districts concentration of holdings permits the most systematic development and the removal of a maximum of the coal in the ground; in other districts the extreme division of the superficies—and consequently, under our primitive Anglo-Saxon law, of the coal seams underneath—handicaps the operator and encourages forms of exploitation that leave most of the coal in the ground, an irretrievable loss. Vast tonnages of coal are shipped crisscross through overlapping market areas; still vaster tonnages are shipped needlessly to be consumed by electric power establishments near the points of consumption instead of near the sources of coal supply. And in this general chaos, it is impossible to organize the employment of mining labor in such a way as to give the mass of workers anything like full time, and the decent living that full time would justify. Two thirds of our mine workers, if steadily employed in the mines best equipped to make labor count, could raise all the coal we need. Colossal waste of natural resources, equally colossal waste of man power: that is the essence of our coal problem. And that problem is not going to be solved by any measures that fall short of a full recognition of the public service character of our power and heat supply. National ownership of the coal seams and their systematic exploitation under conditions making for the utmost regularity and economy is the solution which the American people will be forced to consider, sooner or later.

The Committee on Reconstruction does indeed admit that "to assure the mining, transportation, and distribution of coal at fair prices is a public duty which the government cannot escape." But it reserves governmental administration as a "last resort, as governmental activities should always be directed toward encouragement of private initiative and enterprise." We agree that private initiative and enterprise are creative forces to be conserved and stimulated in every way possible. We do not know how either the existing economic system or any other conceivable system could operate without the active and intelligent exercise of the personal qualities that enterprise and initiative imply. But private initiative is not necessarily fostered by the exclusion of governmental ownership and administration. Quite the contrary, perhaps.

To place the coal resources of the nation under public ownership would indeed eliminate the private enterprise that now engages in opening mines and operating them. That is to restrict the field of initiative, no doubt. But this fact is not decisive. Consider the multiplicity of private enterprises dependent for survival on adequate and fairly distributed coal supplies. Every time a manufacturing concern is placed at a competitive dis-

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advantage through failure in coal deliveries or through the necessity of paying discriminatory prices for coal, private initiative is in so far discouraged. To be put out of business because a more powerful competitor can get coal when you can not or can get it regularly at a lower price affects the spirit of enterprise more disastrously than any mere governmental restriction in a limited field.

To treat private enterprise in coal mining as sacred, when the logical result of it is chaos, excessive prices and discrimination, is to hold private enterprise in general industry as a thing of no value. It is to protect the lesser social interest at huge cost to the greater. When Congress comes to recognize this disparity of interest we may hope for a real solution of the coal problem. Until then, for all the tinkering that may be done, "the present deplorable situation" will continue.

He Needs to Be Spanked

UNDOUBTEDLY there is much loose talk about "militarism." Just what is it, and how does one recognize it? Let us examine an official document. It is called Military Government. It is written by Colonel H. A. Smith, U. S. A. It is published by the General Service Schools Press, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. It is a public, not a secret document.

Chapter III is called The Four Military Governments in Mexico. The first of these we read was set up during the Mexican war of 1846. The second resulted from the occupation of Vera Cruz, 1914. The third went with Pershing's expedition in 1916. What is the fourth? Let Colonel Smith speak for himself:

> The most interesting intervention in Mexico and the most prolific in lessons for the student of military government, is the fourth, and for the reason that it has not yet taken place. Mexico has been a troublesome neighbor for many years. She has had but two quiet periods in her history during the past century—once during the rule of Juarez and once under the iron Diaz. She is the spoiled child of the Western Hemisphere. While she is not our child, by our Monroe Doctrine we become in a way responsible for her. Through neglect and lack of stern discipline toward her, Mexico needs a spanking, and after the spanking she needs a course in discipline, self-restraint and good government,—etc., etc.

This *is militarism* in the precise form which the spirit of the American Constitution forbids. For the right to insult a neighbor, the right to decide whether it needs a spanking resides, under our form of government, in the Congress of the United States and nowhere else. The attempt of Colonel H. A. Smith, speaking as an officer of the army in an official document, to usurp that right is an act of insubordination for which he obviously needs a thorough spanking and a course in discipline, self-restraint and good government.

The Industrial Conflict

NOT the least useful of the many useful exposures which the investigation of the Lockwood Committee has uncovered is that of the underlying tendency and purpose of the "open shop" campaign. That campaign poses as an attempt to maintain the equal right to employment of all workers, no matter whether they do or do not belong to a union. Mr. Gary in his testimony before the Senate Committee so interpreted the policy of the Steel Corporation, and President Grace of the Bethlehem Company in response to Mr. Untermeyer's question repeated some words to the same effect. People who were familiar with the actual policy of Mr. Gary's and Mr. Grace's corporations knew the hypocritical falsity of this interpretation. They knew that these companies have refused, wherever possible, to employ union workers and that the object of the "open shop" campaign was to destroy the power and influence of the unions and to leave the individual worker isolated and unprotected in his negotiations with huge capitalist combinations. The testimony developed by the Lockwood Committee's investigation has demonstrated the truth of this second interpretation. The Erectors' Association which acted in cooperation with the Steel Corporation in the New York district operated under a rule which in practice forbade the employment of union labor.*

The American public will not, we trust, cherish any further illusions about the meaning of such a policy and its probable effects. The most powerful and wealthy group of private capitalists in America has declared a war of extermination on organized labor. Within the range of its influence the Steel Corporation will not permit American wage-earners to participate in voluntary associations to protect their common interests or promote their joint welfare. Hitherto its influence has not extended, except by the contagion of example, beyond the confines of its own plants. But now in the case of one of the most important of its pro-

* Mr. Untermeyer asked the following question of Mr. C. E. Cheney, Secretary of the Association: "In all frankness, laying aside all subterfuge and looking at these minutes that you yourself have written at these conferences, you know, do you not, that the constant struggle and effort on the part of this association was to equip each member with a non-union force? A.—Practically."

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ducts, it refuses to do business with builders who handle that product by means of union labor. It proposes to use its great power over other industries in order to destroy unionism. Should it succeed in preventing the employment of organized labor for the erection of steel frame buildings in New York, its next step will be to extend the rule to other neighborhoods and to other products such as plates or wire nails. It will so far as possible force the "open shop" on all American industries to which it furnishes finished or semi-finished materials.

This declared policy which is clearly the spearhead of the "open shop" campaign is a novel and portentous development in American business. The Steel Corporation has always been anti-union and has consistently contrived to reduce the number of union laborers employed in the steel industry, but it has never attempted to impose anti-unionism upon other industries. It occupied a position similar to that of the slave-holding autocracy from 1800 to the Mexican War. It was content to hold its own and, as the representative of anti-unionism, to divide the field with unionism, just as the South was content as long as slave territories existed to admit one new slave state to the Union whenever one new free state was admitted. But late in the forties the raw material of new slave states threatened to give out, and when at about the same time the "free soil" agitation in the North aroused the fears of the South for the security of its sacred institution, the South jumped to a dangerous and drastic conclusion. Slavery, its spokesmen declared, demanded for its perpetuation an aggressive policy. It would suffer gradual extinction unless the whole of the national domain was converted into possible or latent slave states.

So it is with the anti-unionism of the Steel Corporation. Alarmed by the spread of unionism during the war, alarmed still more by the increasing disposition of an influential element in American opinion to favor this spread of unionism as a matter of public policy, the anti-unionists have decided upon aggressive tactics as the one certain means of defending what they already possess. They propose, if possible, to use the period of deflation which will extend over many years and during which union labor will suffer from unemployment and poverty, to destroy organized labor, to universalize the "open shop" and to establish it in the minds of the American people as the only valid national policy.

In adopting the aggressive policy of carrying the war into the enemies' country and attempting to exterminate unionism Messrs. Gary, Grace & Co. have, we think, placed a sound estimate upon the ominousness of the threat which organized labor levels against corporations such as theirs. They are justified in anticipating that, if they pursue a defensive policy, they and their dogma of despotic capitalism will in the end suffer defeat. It is the object of the unions to organize all the workers engaged in industry and they will never rest until the object is accomplished. They purpose to justify this universal organization of labor as the best means of securing for society the maximum volume of willing, efficient, educated and socially trained workers. In all modern industrial countries the proportion of union to non-union labor has increased, and the increase has been commensurate with the increase of the wage-earner in self-consciousness, intelligence and economic independence.

If unopposed or if opposed only separately and occasionally by individual employers, unionism will spread in the United States until it occupies the whole realm of industry. Its opponents cannot stop it unless they themselves combine more effectively than organized labor (which would not be difficult) and then use this joint power not only to stem the tide of union expansion but to break up the existing unions and to discredit the theory and practice of unionism. This is what the fighting advocates of autocratic capitalism are now trying to do. They realize the incompatability between their brand of industrial autocracy and the existence of an independent, educated, united and powerful body of organized labor.

For our part we are grateful to Messrs. Gary, Grace & Co. for having raised the issue in so uncompromising a form. If they are successful in exterminating unionism they will, we believe, necessarily exterminate at the same time the independence and vitality of American public opinion and the liberties of the American people. Nevertheless they have done well to sharpen the issue and to try and smoke out those who have hitherto been neutral in the struggle. There *is* an irrepressible conflict between the industrial autocracy represented by the Steel Corporation and the survival of an organized and independent body of wage-earning workers. The outcome of that conflict and its merits is a matter about which no patriotic American can afford to be indifferent, ill-informed or neutral.

The first Industrial Conference, called at Washington in the fall of 1919 under shadow of the steel strike, proved the unwillingness of the controlling interests in American business to consider any adjustment with organized labor and their determination to bring the conflict on and to carry it through. The Second Industrial Conference contrived an ingenious and carefully considered plan for dealing with particular industrial disputes and grievances, but the machinery was inadequate because it ignored the existence of this conflict. The Hoover report approved the system

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of individual contract which necessarily discriminates against organized labor and neglected to recognize the union as an essential and valuable element in American industrial organization and a necessary agent in the education of the American worker. Mr. Hoover and his associates occupied in relation to unionism a position analogous to the position of those Americans before the Civil War who tried to dodge the question whether slavery was right or wrong. Messrs. Gary, Grace & Co. are insisting that they and all other good Americans shall answer the question whether unionism is right or wrong.

The New Republic believes unionism to be right in much the same sense that Negro emancipation was right, and anti-unionism to be wrong in much the same sense that Negro slavery was wrong. Negro slavery like anti-unionism is not incompatible with a considerable amount of bodily comfort and individual happiness on the part of the slave or the non-union worker, and under American conditions many non-union workers have had the opportunity not only of being comfortable and happy but of leading lives of some independence and dignity. Yet it is true on the whole that the wages of the non-union worker rarely rise above the subsistence level and that his employer usually has an interest in keeping him dependent, apprehensive about the security of his job and uneducated except in a dull routine of specific machine labor. Such is the effect and the purpose of the "open shop." On the other hand, unionism like Negro emancipation means a start in a better because in an essentially liberating and educative direction. It places in the hands of the wage-earner some security in his job and some control over his fate as a worker. The union laborer like the emancipated Negro may not put to good use his increased independence and power. The existing abuses of orthodox unionism are obvious and the testimony taken by the Lockwood Committee have rendered some of them notorious. But they are usually the result of the status of the unions as outlaw fighting bodies which have to adjust themselves to a profiteering industrial system and a social and legal atmosphere of suspicion and discrimination. If they were recognized as the agents whereby society proposed to procure and educate its supply of efficient and zealous workers and were incorporated into a more democratic industrial organization, the roots of these abuses would shrivel up. In our opinion the American state should recognize them as its official agency for securing and educating its supply of labor and should then take good care that they paid for the recognition and confidence with satisfactory service.

The Good Name of Britain

ONLY a cynic, and a quite hardened cynic, is in a position to enjoy the present situation in Ireland. For months the Sinn Fein policy has had a success in Ireland out of all proportion to its strength as compared to Britain's strength. Is this because the imponderable values which were fighting Germany were on the side of Ireland in fighting Britain? But moral superiority is not enough to sustain four million people in contest with forty million. Slowly but steadily Lloyd George's government has begun to break down the organization of Sinn Fein, and there is only one factor in the fight which can cheat imperialism out of one of its ugliest but most valuable victories.

That factor is not to be supplied by Ireland. In setting out to crush Sinn Fein, Lloyd George has admitted that all of Ireland outside Belfast was against him, and he has ably met the opposition. He knew that the first objective of Sinn Fein had to be the imperial police. That police force he strengthened by an army of Guy Empeys from Britain with their motto "treat 'em rough." The Catholic church he decided for tactical reasons not to touch. The police and the military had special orders not to search or molest any Catholic priest. But to render political imprisonment effective it was absolutely necessary that he break the use of the hunger-strike and let a conspicuous hunger-striker die in vain. This he did, and when it had succeeded the government ordered the arrest of every leader who could be captured, including the civil and pacific heads of Sinn Fein. The next necessity was to destroy Irish publicity and British publicity. This has required the destruction of various newspaper plants and the court-martial and imprisonment of the principal independent newspaper proprietor and editor in Dublin. It has also required the suppression of as many independent newspaper correspondents as possible. This has been accomplished in great part. The next plan has been to capture the arms of Sinn Fein and to camouflage in some way the retention of arms by Sir Edward Carson's adherents. This is now being managed by declaring martial law in a selected area and by scouring that area for arms.

A more ambitious part of this sweeping program has been the attempt to isolate Sinn Fein from public sympathy not only in Britain and America but in Ireland. The means adopted in Ireland have not always been successful. What were the secret orders of the Black and Tans, the treat-'em-rough police from England? They are not known, but the burning of creameries may have been an attempt to backfire the Irish farmer into demand-

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ing "peace at any price." Whether this were official or not, the Lloyd George policy included the food blockade, the cutting off of thousands of old age pensions, the cutting off of aid to tuberculosis hospitals and milk-stations, the suspension of public funds except to "loyal" public bodies, the seizure of municipal buildings for military posts, the refusal to allow Irishmen to use a motor or a bicycle without a special permit, and the limitation on Irish motor travel outside a twenty-mile radius from home.

The accumulated effect of all these restrictions on civil liberty and state function were calculated to bring Mr. Worldly Wiseman and Mr. Facing Both Ways and Mr. Legality and Mr. Pliable and Mr. Prudence and Mr. Mistrust and Mr. Timorous into a state of mind not consonant with the Sinn Fein revolution.

There are signs, especially in the direction of Rome, that this policy has had some success. Whenever a revolutionary movement is breaking down, "properly constituted authority" can find its Catholic bishop to announce the excommunication of activists; and that moment has come in Ireland. But the attempt to isolate Sinn Fein from public sympathy has run into one serious difficulty. The acts of the police and military in Ireland have revolted a considerable portion of public opinion—in England.

Lloyd George's policy has nothing ponderable the matter with it. It has no nonsense about it. It is splendidly patriotic. It quotes Abraham Lincoln for the benefit of Americans. It is strong. It is firm. It is practical. But in England itself there are men who decline to be associated with such a policy. They declare that there is such a thing as the good name of Britain, and they assert that Lloyd George has brought disgrace to that name. They realize that the circumvention of Sinn Fein may be feasible, and they admit that they are revolted by Sinn Fein violence, but, as Britons, they protest against the present conduct of British government in Ireland.

Among these protest-ants are men whose names are favorably known, particularly in the stratum of America where the cause of Ireland is distasteful—something to be uneasily avoided, or deprecated, or even deplored. Arthur Quiller-Couch, J. M. Keynes, W. H. R. Rivers are three of the thirty names appended to a recent protest by the Cambridge University branch of the Peace with Ireland Council—names which show the extent to which England, as England, is stirred by the behavior of the present government.

"We think that no words of reprobation can be too strong for the detestable series of murders and other outrages committed by the agents and adherents of Sinn Fein. But we feel at least an equal horror at the similar acts, of which the victims have often been admittedly innocent people, recently committed in Ireland by persons in the pay and service of the State, and at the omission of the members of the Government to condemn these atrocities with any force or sincerity, or even to allow an impartial investigation.

"If we are asked what special concern we, as Cambridge men, have in these matters, we would call to mind the general condemnation of the representatives of the German universities of uttering no word of protest against the conduct of their Government during the war. Without wishing to institute odious comparisons between the methods of the British and German Governments, we feel bound to protest against official actions and inactions which must bring, and indeed have brought, disgrace upon the name of our country."

In this protest, it seems to us, is the germ of an Irish settlement. The whole force of British government has been set upon smashing Sinn Fein since 1918. This protest recognizes the immoral consequences of that policy. And if Britons themselves do see the immoral consequences, the disgraceful consequences, of such an abuse of force, a long step has been taken in the right direction.

Until the protest grows stronger, however, we may expect that Lloyd George and the British government will persist along the lines so familiar to students of base imperialism everywhere. That is what amuses the cynic about the Irish situation. He sees a few futile idealists out of office crying about honor to mad revolutionists and imperial governments.

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The American Utopia: Atlantic City

WHEN Americans dream of that perfect society which is some day to be, what form does their imagining take? Atlantic City, New Jersey, is obviously the answer to that question. For Atlantic City is the American Utopia, as truly as though it had been planned by a congress representing our sturdy middle-class millions, assembled to lay down the groundwork of the millennium. Atlantic City exists but to please; the men who built it beside the ocean's cool sands gambled on their knowledge of What The Public Wants. Those who guessed rightly were enriched beyond the dreams of (yesterday's) avarice. Those who guessed incorrectly "went broke" and the place has seen them no more. If you would know the best that the American bourgeoisie has thus far been able to dream, then, come to Atlantic City and behold.

Ten minutes among the boardwalk throng will show you that these people are very like those who move through the pages of Bellamy, Butler or Wells. They are all young; like the crowd along the Appian Way which impelled a Roman philosopher to wistful comment, they remain always the same age. Moreover, as an Utopian crowd should be, this one is well dressed. Its clothes are new and smart. Though Atlantic City is technically a health resort, the glow of bounding life is on every cheek; we all walk with a firm and springing step. Some of us, it is true, ride in wheeled chairs, but we do so as a sensuous experiment, not from infirmity. Indeed, we sit erect with such an air of almost belligerent health as to prove to every observer that we ride merely because we have the dollar.

And we all do have the dollar, in this American Utopia. Poverty has been done away with, and so has extreme wealth, so far as any outward signs can show. We all stay in the same huge caravansaries; there is nowhere else to stay. We all expend twenty-five dollars a day for room and bath and board—that is, if we are a couple; and nearly always, a couple is what we are. Our spending is always genteel; we do not tip the black-clad waitresses very much, but then, they have the benefit of the sea air and in Utopia our motto is to spend only where it shows. Our meals are all table d'hote with a fearful variety of dishes. We Utopians, one reluctantly admits, overeat enormously; but we console ourselves with the reflection that otherwise the food would very likely be wasted, and our stuffing is thus a sort of vicarious economy.

Every writer on Utopia discusses the development of Art in his dreamed-of Elysium, so I am only making the record complete when I assert that this American Erewhon has achieved the real feat of being magnificently ugly. In past years some strayed reveller came and built one hotel of surpassing beauty, a casual collection of lovely towers and balconies, all creamy tan and the green of weatherbeaten bronze. We Utopians are broadminded; we do not shun this hotel because of its loveliness and it is as well patronized as its ugly brethren; but it does not represent our normal aspirations. Our standard is revealed in hideous store fronts, windows heaped full of useless rubbish, billowing canvas signs exactly like those portraying the marvels of the circus side-show, and piers thrust out into the ocean like immobile centipedes, roofed over and adorned in the general style of the "tabernacles" which spring up in the path of the Reverend Billy Sunday. . . . We have an artist, however. In the sand, just beyond the boardwalk,he sculps and colors his product—President Harding, the Grand Old Flag, a Liner at Sea, Venus and Adonis in bathing suits. We who pass above do not leap down with angry cries and tear him limb from limb. On the contrary, we throw silver in his tin cup. Thus achieving, as every respectable Utopia must, Art Endowed by the State.

How fares Family Life, you ask, in the American Utopia? The answer, as the vaudevillains would say, is undoubtedly "Yes and No." Our firmest tradition is to the effect that most of us are there with somebody else's wife, and despite the fact that no one ever knew a man who did this, or even knew a man who knew a man, the tradition flourishes, none the less. It is certainly true that many of the charming ladies who trip alone along the boardwalk after nightfall are far too delightful to be anybody's niece from Altoona. Still it is probable that as usual, our depravity is exaggerated in the despatches.

With the abnormal restraints of so-called civilization removed as they are in this Elysium, family life shows a sharp demarkation between the tasks of men and those of women. To the latter is allocated the task of sitting on the beach with the children and the knitting. (Statisticians have indeed discovered that if all the Utopian women contributed their fair share to the necessary knitting, instead of some doing too much and others too little, the world could be kept in sweaters by only two hours' daily knitting from each.) The men

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have the sterner but more engrossing task of standing along the rail of the boardwalk watching the tethered ponies which are sometimes rented for gallops at the water's edge by persons with unusually keen exhibitionism. . . . At meal-time the family reassembles into one unit.

A distinct tendency toward matriarchial devolution is discernible in our Utopia. When we go shopping in pairs, as all of us do for a large part of every day, the woman is the aggressor and the man hardly more than a spectator of the fray, a non-combatant engaged in the Service of Supply. In sharp contrast is the attitude of those who are brides, or ought to be, who show an anxious deference to the wishes of their males. In Utopia this deference does not wear off until some days have passed.

What is our intellectual life? In some four miles of boardwalk richly lined with shops to the number, no doubt, of more than a hundred, there are three or four book stores. Among their offerings the trash is about as nine to one. Possibly eight or ten venders of magazines are to be found, but the quality of their literary fare is no better. Each of them displays a copy or two of the Atlantic or the New Republic; but these would seem to be a formal gesture, a ceremonial handed down from an ancient time until meaningless. Their real sales are in the all-fiction field. Filthy Stories, Undressed Stories, Naughty Tales and the like are the pabulum of our well-dressed, good-looking, alert crowds.

A stranger entering one of the busier book stores inquired for the shelves of non-fiction books. "We don't keep none of them," he was told. "They ain't no call for 'em." And, indeed, an hour's loitering in that place bore out the statement. Visitor after visitor swept haughtily in, looked about with the intelligent eye of prosperity and demanded A Book. From a wilderness of cheap work by our cheapest writers, the bookseller would haul down something extra sugary and hand it over with the explanation, "This is real good. I'm sure you'll like it. I liked it myself." To get the full flavor of the situation you must remember that during most of the year we of the American Utopia are a hundred thousand strong; and that we have nothing to do all day but stroll, eat and read. (Some of us swim, but the swimming and the reading classes only slightly overlap.)

Are we patriotic in Utopia? Of course we are! We have not only the sand artist with his flags and Presidents, the quarters rattling in his cup; but we have the banner-draped platforms of the convention halls. And to clinch the matter, there is the sign above the shooting gallery:

"EVERY PATRIOTIC AMERICAN HAS TWO DUTIES: TO BUY LIBERTY BONDS AND TO LEARN TO SHOOT STRAIGHT."

No patriot needs to be told that he is to do his straight shooting at those not Liberty Bonded.

Aside from these somewhat sporadic manifestations, however, our patriotism is mostly held in solution. The tactful hotel orchestras rarely play the Star Spangled Banner now, so that we may be spared the problem of standing up, after such a hearty dinner.

Any youthful member of the New York intelligentsia, in short, will find our Utopia a place about which it is easy to be scornful. Whether his scorn is justified, I cannot stop to consider. After all, the boardwalk does represent about as much as the average American has yet attained; and this is the democracy in which our intellectuals must work. Let him who is without a great-aunt in Oshkosh cast the first stone.

BRUCE BLIVEN.

Eels and the Electric Chair

BARTOLOMEW VANZETTI, native of Piedmont in northern Italy, came to America in 1908. He was then twenty years old. He had heard that many workers were wanted here; emissaries of employing firms had spread the word far across the Piedmont countryside that work was plentiful in the States, and wages were good; that men could be free to live as they liked, that the climate was good for a man.

But things were not all that he hoped. In twelve years he has known long stretches of unemployment, the tightened belt, the scorn of lighter-skinned beings for the outlander. He still dreams of freedom, but his dreams today are cramped in a mould that presses closer and closer. Vanzetti is in a Massachusetts penitentiary, destined to stay there for fifteen years unless something happens. That something may be a reversal of the conviction which put him inside—or it may be another conviction which will send him through a little green door into a wired chamber of death.

He was a student in Villa Falletto, the town of his birth, a prize scholar in the Catholic school, a worker and a dreamer. I have read some of his writings of those days, and some that he has put on paper in prison; there is white fire in them, the flame that lights and warms but does not sear. He is a simple man who has loved greatly, labored at grinding work until at thirty-two his face has grown old, and he has given away more than he kept.

"After my mother died, there was nothing for me to do but come away," Vanzetti told me the

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other day in Charlestown prison. "I had to put the seas between me and my grief. . . . That first day in America I was in a melancholy mood. I was alone and a stranger, not able to understand and not understood. At the Battery, the officials pay very little attention to the third-class immigrant —a sad surprise for him who lands confidently on this soil. . . . After a long search, I found a townsman. He was a chef in a club at Eighty-sixth street and the Hudson. Three days later he got me a job there as dishwasher and helper. The hours were long. We slept in the attic, where the heat was suffocating, and all night long we were kept awake by swarms of insects. Then I decided to sleep in the open—under the trees.

"I left that place and got night-work in a restaurant on Sixth avenue near Twenty-eighth street. Here the 'pantry' was horrible. There were no windows from which one could hope for a breath of air. Steam rising from boiling dish-water changed back into large drops when it reached the ceiling and these fell one by one, like the footsteps of fate, upon our heads already wet with sweat.

"During working hours, the heat was terrible. Table refuse, massed in nearby barrels, emitted sickening odors. There were no conduct-pipes to the sinks, and the waste-water would run to a hole in the centre of the room. Almost every night this hole became stopped and the water would wash over the wooden platforms on which we stood. We worked twelve hours one night and fourteen the next, seven days a week, and on every second Sunday we had five hours off. The food was very bad—fit only for the lowest scum of the earth. Our weekly recompense was from five to six dollars. After eight months I left the place for fear I should contract tuberculosis.

"That was a hard year. The poor slept out of doors, and for food fumbled in the waste-barrels for a cabbage leaf or a half-rotten apple. For three months I walked New York its whole length and width in search of work. My countrymen, too, were badly off. I got very discouraged. . . ."

After that, Vanzetti worked and went hungry by turns. He learned that when a man has to sleep in a doorway it is wisdom to line one's clothing with newspapers. This is a trick of tramps, but the young Italian did not become a tramp. His was not the temperament for that. He knew "pantry work" best, and though he was often the victim of it he stuck to that game for a long time. He was hired and fired often; this frequent turnover being a part of a swindle in which chefs and employment agencies went cahoots on the fees.

Always the food was bad in the hotels and restaurants where he worked; usually the kitchen-help had to eat leavings and come-backs; he grew nauseated; his digestion suffered; he lost weight; and times when he was fired and his money slipped away before another job loomed up, he would become afraid. He had been a strong man, he told me, but he had become less strong from the hunger —and one day, he feared, he might drop in the street and never get up again. And he loved life.

He heard of work in New England, and went. Some of his home-fellows were there. He had jobs in two stone quarries in Connecticut, and as a laborer for a contractor; then he did railroad construction in Massachusetts; helped build an aqueduct; toiled long hours in an iron foundry; loaded cars for a cordage factory; was factotum on a rich man's estate at Plymouth; (and here his strength began to come back, and he resolved never to work indoors again); held numerous jobs in industrial plants and in the employ of the municipality; and participated in all the principal construction works in Plymouth across seven years. So many people in Plymouth knew him well.

One day a friend, who intended going back to Italy, said to Vanzetti: "Why don't you buy my team, my cart, the knives and the scales and go selling fish, instead of submitting yourself to the bosses?"

So said Vanzetti, to me in prison, "I bought his little store and became a fish-vender for love of independence."

There are many Italians in Plymouth. The twenty-fourth of December is a fast-day among the Catholics, and on that day it is a long-standing custom for Italian families to eat eels, a prime delicacy. Bartolomew Vanzetti was up before daylight, and went forth delivering eels to numerous homes. Early in the day, (this being in 1919) he appeared at various doors on this mission. At least nine Plymouth residents remember that.

But on the same morning at 7:30, there was an attempt to hold up a payroll truck belonging to a shoe company in Bridgewater, twenty-eight miles distant. The bandits got away. And on April 15, 1920, at South Braintree, two men carrying a box containing an $18,000 payroll for another shoe company were shot and killed, and the assassins escaped with the money. The penalty for murder in Massachusetts is the electric chair.

Vanzetti was a friend of Andrea Salsedo, the Italian who was imprisoned secretly by the Department of Justice for many weeks, and who plunged to his death from the fourteenth story of the Park Row building in New York on May 3rd, two days after Attorney General Palmer's predicted date for a revolution. Vanzetti had gone to

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New York a few days before, and endeavored to aid Salsedo.

On May 5th, Vanzetti and another friend named Niccolo Sacco were arrested on a street car in Brockton, Massachusetts. Police officials transported them in an automobile from town to town through the shoe manufacturing district, placing them on exhibition in city halls for identification. Mob-temper was high. They were hooted and jeered. Heavy manacles were upon them.

Evidence against the two men was purely circumstantial. Vanzetti was "identified" as having been connected with both crimes; Sacco was charged only with the second. Vanzetti was rushed to trial for the Bridgewater hold-up attempt, was convicted, and sentenced to fifteen years in Charlestown penitentiary. One principal witness was a high school boy, a fourteen-year-old prodigy who displayed eagerness to make good as a testifier; he declared he had seen a man "who ran like a foreigner" from the crime-scene.

And a woman who admitted that her eyes were bad swore that she saw gun-fire despite the fact (later uncovered by the defense) that a two-story house stands directly between the depot window in which she stood and the area of crime-action. I stood the other day in that window and looked out; to have seen the crime-area from that point would have been an utterly impossible optical feat.

Nine witnesses of good repute took oath that Vanzetti sold eels to them in Plymouth at a time which completely precluded his being in Bridgewater when the hold-up was attempted. Yet the jury convicted. . . . Examination of the court record convinces me that the defense of Vanzetti was badly handled; his attorneys, for instance, would not let Vanzetti take the witness stand in his own defense unless he would agree to conceal that he held radical beliefs about the economic conflict. He refused to make that pledge; he is a philosophical anarchist, and wanted to explain why. But the attorneys kept him from testifying, and thus the jury never heard Vanzetti's own story. Meanwhile, the prosecution, with pliable witnesses and with a jury no more acute than many juries I have seen, built up a pretentious case of circumstances around Vanzetti, and cast an atmosphere of viciousness and violence around the whole Italian race.

Other attorneys, who are not afraid to let Vanzetti express his real philosophical opinions before the world, have now taken charge of his defense. They are working to reopen the case, and to try him again. And they are to defend Sacco, a young man with a family, who sits in a jail-cell at Dedham and reads Les Miserables because the jail officials won't let him work.

If a man was selling eels in the town where he lived while a murderous crime was being committed many miles away, why must he stay in prison until he is gray? Bartolomew Vanzetti asked me that in prison. That question likewise will be asked of the American State Department by the Italian government. Federated Press cables from Rome lately indicated that Elia Musetti and Leon Mucci, members of the Chamber of Deputies, were actively interested in the case. And immediately afterward it became known in Boston that the Italian consulate there was making a full investigation of the facts, and would report its findings to the embassy at Washington, which in turn will make formal representation to the State Department. Deputy Mucci was a member of counsel for Ettor, Giovannitti and Caruso in the spectacular trial-in-a-cage at Salem eight years ago.

If the defense can convince the next jury that Vanzetti was selling eels on the morning of December 24th, it will go a long way toward wrecking the prosecution's charge that he had a part in the payroll murder of April 15th, for its evidence in that case is no more tangible than that used in the trial for the Bridgewater attack.

JOHN NICHOLAS BEFFEL

Alice Economics

CURRENT economic notions may be represented by a series of Mad Hatter riddles. Thus:

Q. Why is everybody ruined?

A. *Because the country is rich.*

Q. How shall the country impoverish itself in order that people may prosper again?

A. *We must sell our surplus abroad to people who cannot pay.*

Q. That is lending. When the foreign countries pay us back we shall be truly rich?

A. *No, indeed. We cannot afford to let them pay us back, for we should then be worse off than ever. We have already too much of our own. That is why we are ruined.*

And this is the stuff that rules the world! From text books one has learned that when man

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solves the original economic problem of filling his belly with less than his whole labor he may begin to act upon his environment in an imaginative manner to transform it. After that his progress in opulence is limited only by the availability of labor and materials, for wealth is the product of labor applied to materials.

Perfect theory! But what is the news that fills us with direful uneasiness? We are suddenly involved in an economic calamity of the first magnitude. The causes are reported at length in the newspapers. They are:

One: There is more food than we can eat.

Two: There is a disastrous surplus of the materials upon which labor acts to produce wealth, such as cotton, wool, leather, metals and chemicals.

Three: There are more machines than can be kept busy; thousands are idle for want of new orders.

Four: There are more men than jobs.

In consequence of this surplusage of *food, materials, machines* and *labor,* we are overtaken by panic and ruin. Agriculture is bankrupt. There is an acute industrial crisis. There is increasing unemployment. People talk hard times, and a controversy is taking place as to what ought to be done.

There are many versions of what has happened.

Merchants and manufacturers say the consumer went on strike.

The consumer says producers, distributors and speculators, with access to cheap credit at the bank, engaged in a conspiracy to boost prices and got them so high that people had to stop buying.

The farmer says the Federal Reserve Board, which creates credit and lends it to banks in the Federal Reserve System, went into a merciless campaign to force deflation, ostensibly to reduce the cost of living, and wrecked the country's prosperity.

The Federal Reserve Board says it was no such thing. These are post-war conditions. The tree of credit was growing into Heaven, without minding its roots, and had to be restrained.

And labor says that back of everything is a capitalistic motive to liquidate wages.

None of these versions is without fact; in each of them lies an element of truth. The sum is confusion. It is evident that the text books leave something out.

People are dimly agreed that something must be done. The major proposals are four, namely:

That the Federal Reserve Board shall repent and make credit once more abundant and cheap, and see to it that nobody,—particularly nobody who tills the soil,—is obliged to sell for less than the cost of production;

That the government and the banks shall cooperate to lend foreign countries enormous sums to spend for that surplus of American goods which they want but cannot buy for lack of money;

That foreign commodities now coming into competition with American products shall be barred out by high tariffs, and,

That immigration shall be restricted, not on political grounds, but because we have temporarily a surplus of labor.

These are serious, simultaneous proposals. Proceedings thereunder are apparently inevitable. Anything may happen in Wonderland, provided only it happens solemnly.

Actually there has been no curtailment of credit. The Federal Reserve Board and the banks, acting together, have but arrested the rate of credit expansion. According to the Comptroller of the Currency, the total increase of loans by all the banking institutions of the country in the twelve months from June 30, 1919, to June 30, 1920, was nearly six billions of dollars. That is to say, credit expansion in a year of peace was equal to a quarter of the whole cost of America's participation in the war.

This enormous inflation of credit had no legitimate purpose whatever. It served primarily to put the gas in prices. Because of the high prices, demand fell away, whereupon the producers and distributors of goods, instead of reducing prices to stimulate demand, stored their goods and borrowed money on them at the bank. The need of credit for this purpose was cumulative because the quantity of unsold goods kept increasing, even while prices continued to rise. Obviously this could not go on forever, if for no other reason than that the supply of paper for printing money and credit instruments would be presently exhausted.

So the Federal Reserve Board, seeing the abyss ahead, forced the banks to set the brakes. They could not avoid the abyss; but they could slow down for it. Borrowers were not allowed to go on fancifully increasing their loans. They were obliged to sell some goods. Result: A decline in prices which for spectacular violence is without parallel in statistical history. Many sellers have been already ruined. Very many more are sick with anxiety. They are loaded with beautiful goods which will have to be sacrificed for what they will bring unless the banks will hold them in pawn. The banker says: "Sorry; but there's nothing doing.

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Our tills are empty and our sources of credit in the Federal Reserve System are dry."

Hence the demand that the Federal Reserve Board shall invent more credit and give it to the banks to be loaned on unsaleable goods.

This is in effect a demand that the credit raising power of the government shall be exercised to guarantee the seller his profit,—that is, enable him to carry his goods in pawn until the time, when, if and as, they may be sold for more than the mythical cost of production. In that case of course the cost of production would never fall.

"Well," says the farmer, "hasn't the government guaranteed the profits of the railroads? Is there any reason why it shouldn't guarantee ours?"

No reason. None at all. We are in Wonderland, where we don't have to give reasons.

If he could get enough credit to hold on with, the seller's only other problems would be:

First, to compel the buyer, at home and abroad;

Second, to keep foreign sellers out.

The American market is large, if you can wait for it; but there is the world market besides. The world is thought to be generally short of goods. The difficulty is that it hasn't the money to buy them with. Therefore, it is urged that the government, either directly or through its War Finance Corporation, and the banks through agencies to be created for that purpose, shall borrow money from the American people and lend it to foreign countries to buy American goods with.

If you say: "But foreign countries already owe us some fifteen billions they cannot pay," the answer is: "Of course they can't pay. They never can pay in money. Everybody knows that. They never can pay in goods, either, unless we lend them a great deal more to set them on their feet. If now we let them have food and materials on long term credit they will be able to restore their processes of production and ultimately pay us back in commodities."

This has a persuasive sound until one thinks of the next proposal, which is that tariff barriers shall be set against foreign merchandise because it is cheap and competes with dear goods in the home market. Europe is already beginning to pay a little on account, in commodities, but no sooner have these commodities appeared than a cry has been raised that we shall be deluged with the products of low-wage foreign labor, to the ruin of our own industries.

The two proposals taken together mean *that we shall sell to Europe on credit in order that she may be able to repay her huge debt to us in commodities,* and then *protect our industries against the competition of those commodities by prohibitive tariffs.*

The wool growers now are demanding an embargo against foreign wool and the farmers an embargo against Canadian wheat, because other countries are trying to pay us something on account in wool and wheat.

Charles H. Sabin, president of the Guaranty Trust Company, says:

> The surplusage of goods above the demands of domestic consumption in the United States this year, for example, has been estimated at 2,000,000 bales of cotton, 300,000,000 bushels of wheat, $750,000,000 worth of semi-manufactured raw materials and finished manufactured products, and $250,000,000 worth of packing house products. If the American producer is to be prosperous he must continue to have open to him the foreign markets to which he has been exporting so heavily.

Mr. James Brown, of the banking house of Brown Bros. & Co., reviewing the situation, says:

> We must keep our minds on the power of Europe to throw manufactured goods into this country . . . There is a great opportunity for Europe to dump her surplus over here, or into countries where sales are made in competition with us. England, and in some lines France and Belgium, are going to be keen competitors of ours, and I should not be at all surprised to see textiles, steel and some other manufactured goods coming into this country . . . at prices which we shall not be able to meet.

We shall lend foreign countries money to enable them to buy from us commodities the same as those which they are about to begin dumping upon us at prices which we shall be unable to meet,—to buy from us staple commodities with which they are already beginning to undersell us in our own market,—to buy 300,000,000 bushels of American wheat with American farmers demanding an embargo against Canadian wheat because it is cheaper than our own!

This is where Alice says: "Curiouser and curiouser!"

In Chicago a few days ago three hundred bankers met to organize a corporation to finance foreign trade, as the phrase is, or, as the newspaper reporters more simply put it, "to pay American exporters cash for goods sold to foreign buyers who are unable to pay cash." Herbert Hoover addressed the meeting. He said:

> Even if we extend these credits and if upon Europe's recovery we then attempt to exact the payment of these sums by import of commodities, we shall have introduced a competition with our own industries that cannot be turned back by any tariff wall. . . . I believe that we have today an equipment and a skill in production that

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> yield us a surplus of commodities for export beyond any compensation we can usefully take by way of imported commodities. . . . Gold and remittances and services cannot cover this gulf in our trade balance. . . . To me there is only one remedy, and that is by the systematic permanent investment of our surplus production in reproductive works abroad. We thus reduce the return we must receive to a return of interest and profit.

These are significant words. They mean that in Mr. Hoover's opinion our need to sell surplus goods abroad is and henceforth will be greater than the capacity of our foreign debtors to pay. They cannot return the principal in gold, money or services. That is out of the question. They cannot return it in goods, either, but if they could it would be disastrous for us, since then we should suffer a deluge of foreign commodities "in competition with our own industries." The only way, therefore, is to make a "systematic permanent investment of our surplus production abroad," and receive back, never the principal, but only the interest and profit.

Mr. Hoover is not a banker. He may think out loud. Yet even he hesitates to push the logic through. He disposes of the principal of our foreign loans. The debtors cannot return it and we cannot afford to receive it back. But the interest and profit which he says we may receive,—that will have to be paid in commodities, as the principal would be if it were paid at all. What shall we do when the volume of foreign commodities received in payment of interest and profit becomes very large and our industries cry for protection?

Mr. Hoover said: "It is vital to every workman in the United States that Europe shall recover her standard of living, or we shall be dragged down to the European standard."

If that be true,—if the only way to restore the standard of living in Europe is for the United States to lend heavily, though we shall never see the principal again and perhaps cannot afford to receive even the interest and profit, then it follows that loans to Europe are not an investment at all but a kind of insurance against a return of the Dark Ages.

This view, whether you accept it or not, delivers one from the circular absurdity of the proposition that in order to save our prosperity we must lend our surplus away and then lock the debtors out. It lifts the argument to the plane of politics. Worse confusion there begins.

Are we not all a little drunk? . . . credit drunk? . . . profit drunk? . . . trade drunk?

If as a matter of national policy we resolve to lend more to Europe, willing beforehand to call the principal uncollectible and to forego if need be even the payment of interest and profit, all for a greater good that may not be calculated in percentages, that is a thing in itself and should be debated in its own terms. But as we talk, it is another thing entirely.

The American producer who advocates borrowing money from the American people and lending it to foreign countries in order that they may buy his goods at prices supported by an unlimited dispensation of Federal Reserve credit, and then demands high tariffs to keep foreigners from selling to American consumers, is consistent only in minding his own profit. He is casting about desperately for any means to extricate himself from the losses entailed by a drastic readjustment of prices. His concern for the future of Europe is extremely oblique.

And he is only twice as myopic as the stewards of credit, namely, the bankers, who say: "We cannot continue to expand credit at home to support prices, for that way lies disaster. But we can give credit to foreign countries and you shall find profitable markets abroad for this ruinous surplus of American goods."

They forget, if they ever knew, that when people have of their own a surplus of things to eat and wear they may act upon their environment to improve it.

They forget that to rebuild and develop our neglected transportation system, to reclaim by drainage and irrigation our own swamp and arid lands in area greater than France, and to make the standard of American housing decent, there is need of more labor and capital than can be found in two generations.

They forget, if they ever knew, that they have any responsibility for planning such works ahead and holding them in suspense for a time like now.

They succeed only in concealing the fact that the present sense of disaster is a familiar delusion arising from extreme alternations of high and low prices, which entail waste, panic, want and social calamity. These alternations are unnecessary. They result from a petty, selfish, repetitious, unimaginative, uncreative use of credit for immediate profit.

They ignore the damning fact that they finance the booms. *They* lend the credit that inflates prices. There is no other way for it to happen.

You never heard of a meeting of bankers to discuss ways and means of abating anarchistic speculation in prices. That is the root of the evil, and they do not bother about it.

Why should they? Whatever else happens, banking as it goes is much more profitable than banking as it might be.

GARET GARRETT

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Still Silent on the Twelve-Hour Day

LET us take stock of the force commonly called public opinion by measuring it against the persistence of the twelve-hour day in the steel industry. It is over four months now since the publication of the Interchurch Report on the steel strike with its condemnation of the autocratically enforced two-shift system in steel plants. Recently other waves of public criticism have broken against the twelve-hour day, one started by societies of engineers, the other by the Lockwood Committee's investigation. Results to date: silence from the owners of the industry; in the steel plants the now generally admitted inhuman schedule of hours for half the workers of an entire industry.

The Interchurch Report concerned itself with much more than the long hours. Commentators seem to consider it something of a critique of the American social-industrial system. It spoke out on the seven-day week, the under-payment of common labor, the hegemony of the United States Steel Corporation over the anti-union forces of the nation, the spy systems of great corporations, the often selfish irresponsibility of labor's leadership, the too frequently biased press, the too generally inert pulpit, denials of civil rights and the partisan anti-democratic acts of many government officers. It based its findings on months of investigation in the field by the commissioners and technicians. General public acceptance was accorded to the work, an approval emphasized weekly by the failure of the steel companies to meet the demands for a reply. Not for the purpose of boasting but as a matter of record we would cite the verdicts of authorities and public bodies in America and in Europe, the book itself bought by thousands of readers in every state, its use in colleges, also in churches, its widespread discussion in the press and in forums. We cite these because they prove that the uncontroverted report really made public opinion; we are asking how much that opinion is worth.

It has not forced any public reasoned statistical formal answer from the steel companies. It has not drawn any reply from the accepted spokesmen of the United States Steel Corporation except one which I shall cite. It has not disturbed the twelve-hour day.

Following the Interchurch Report the engineers spoke, basing their conclusions on an investigation made this fall. On December 3rd at a joint meeting of the Taylor Society, sections of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers and of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers, Horace B. Drury, economist, presented to an approving audience a detailed comparison of the twelve-hour vs. the eight-hour day. Insofar as the two reports cover the same ground, the engineers' report strikingly supplements that of the Interchurch World Movement. They too find the twelve-hour day still the habit of the industry, apparently related to the lack of labor unions, characterized by waste, demoralizing to the worker, generally hated by him, an anachronism which has passed from European plants. Going further, into twenty plants which adopted the eight-hour day, (mainly right after the 1919 strike), the engineers find that "taking it all in all, the manufacturers now operating on the shorter day are practically a unit in saying that it means more satisfactory operations and is better business. The experience of these twenty plants has revealed no real obstacles to putting the steel industry on a three-shift day." They find that "if all the departments were to be changed from two to three shifts the increase in total cost for the finished rail bar or sheet could not on the average be more than three per cent. But the increase need not be nearly so great. Some manufacturers going on eight hours have been able to reduce their force of men ten per cent, some more. . . . Others have found their rolling mill output going up twenty to twenty-five per cent. . . . The men have been so glad to get the shorter hours that they have been willing to make substantial concessions in daily wages."

And finally the engineers point out that this is a fine time for the Steel Corporation to do the inevitable because now there is so much unemployment!

Reaching the same conclusions, the engineers' tone, it will be observed, is very, very different from the churches'. We call for the abolition of the long day because it is inhuman and makes un-American citizens; we call for the maintenance of wages. The engineers urge that the shorter day is better business. Our report points out to Casabianca standing stiffly on the deck of the autocratic twelve-hour day that the deck is burning; the engineers sampling the rising flood of the eight-hour day call "Come on in; the water's fine; analysis indicates there is money in it." The two reports show the steel corporations not only reactionary but rather absurd.

No more than our report has the engineers' pronouncement broken the silence of the industry unless a certain pamphlet is intended to be the answer. Following our 275 pages of statistical analysis the Steel Corporation circulated a letter from a minister praising the Corporation's welfare work. Following the engineers the Corporation has made a booklet of another minister's address before a

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Boston association. It is prefaced by a letter from the President of the United States Steel Corporation requesting permission to have it "widely circulated," saying "We are surprised that you, an entire stranger, should have taken the trouble to present the Interchurch World Report in its true light."

Excerpts from this booklet read:

> The first mistake of the Interchurch Commission was its blind espousal of the principle of collective bargaining.

(Concerning the mediation effort of the Commission, suggesting to Mr. Gary a conference with his workers):

> And now, with the innocence of teasing childhood the Interchurch Commission comes to ask for the seventh time the same question.
>
> I am not surprised that Mr. Gary, in his courteous way, diverted the conversation and almost humorously toyed with them—a man of less grace would have shown his annoyance, for this must have seemed to him a supremely stupid performance on the part of our commission.
>
> When we find a man like Mr. Gary, who is strong enough to resist all labor union compulsions and can keep his corporation free to adjust wages and labor conditions to the highest standard in the world, while keeping down the cost to the public, he is worth millions to us, and we ought to have had an Interchurch Commission clear-eyed enough to see it. . . .
>
> Does anyone doubt the wisdom, justice and necessity of a spy system on the part of the United States Steel Corporation in sheer self-defense?

Such an "answer" has significance only for this reason: it bears the endorsement of the President of the United States Steel Corporation. Public opinion has brought forth this.

Finally the public has been stirred by the Lockwood investigation in New York. The admissions of the head of the Bethlehem company, the testimony of the head of the spy system for the National Erectors' Association, the revelations of an interlocking drive against labor centring in the Steel Corporation, the meaning of these things is recognized widely; for example editorially* as follows:

> The attitude of the steel-makers confirms everything charged against them last year at the time of the strike and since substantiated by the report of the Interchurch committee.
>
> Thus the existence of an industrial autocracy which defies Congresses and snubs Presidents easily becomes a menace to great populations far removed from its thundering mills and squalid camps of imported labor. At great cost it suppressed the effort of its employees to better working conditions. We have yet to learn whether its power is to remain unbroken.

It is ten years since "public opinion" began to break against the twelve-hour day. With the recent history these questions are raised: How much are certain social forces really worth? Church and press are speaking more or less persistently; scientific business as represented by the engineers is speaking. If the industry holds silently to the twelve-hour day are we to infer that only labor unions in the steel industry can bring a change? Are we to infer that a main reason for not granting the change is the fear that it may redound to the furtherance of the unions? Far over 100,000 workers still rise in the dark, work twelve hours, go home in the dark, isolated in steel plants from family and nation. What may we expect the attitude of these to be toward the church, the press, the government and all else that constitutes "public opinion"—if only a great silence meets the cry of their bondage?

DANIEL A. POLING.

Russian Impressions

V. The Armed Doctrine

THERE are two ways of approaching the study of the Russian Revolution. One may treat it (as the preceding articles have treated it) as a local Russian phenomenon, which may be isolated, and considered as a deeply interesting chapter of Russian history. That, however, involves a false abstraction. One must not ignore the peculiarities, historical, economic and geographical of Russia's case. Her harsh and negligent despotism, her ability which has no parallel in western Europe to feed herself even under a blockade, the vast spaces which allow an unstable government to go on consolidating itself even under foreign attack—all these unique conditions go to explain the Revolution and its survival. None the less, the main causes of the Revolution and some of its most characteristic features are common, in one degree or another, to most of Europe. Its primary cause was not so much that inevitable misery of the proletariat which Marx foresaw in the later phases of capitalist society, but a temporary misery due to the collapse and exhaustion of Russia's feeble and artificial industries, under the pressure of war and the German blockade. To this was added a moral cause, the disgust of the Russian people with a dynasty and a bureaucracy which had exposed its armies not merely to defeat but to disgrace.

In varying degrees these conditions—the decay of industry, the starvation of the urban population and the

*New York World, December 15, 1920.

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moral sickness that follows defeat and despair—are general throughout central Europe, as a result of the war, the blockade and the Peace of Versailles. Our capitalist society, evolving on militarist and imperialist lines, has by the war and its sequels created the "misery" which prepares revolution. One by one, the salient features of Russia's distress can be paralleled in some degree throughout great stretches of the continent—the worthlessness of the currency, the inadequacy of the transport system, the dearth of raw materials, the desperate poverty of the intellectuals, and even the growing independence of the country towards the towns, which some have called a "blockade" of the towns by the country. It is this ominous uniformity in the European scene, which forces us to pay attention to the Russian preaching of a world-revolution. Revolutions are not "made" by the zeal of agitators, or the will of a resolute minority. They happen, as a desperate effort of the human instinct of self-preservation, when a society sees no easier way of escape from intolerable conditions. The Russian preaching and subsidizing of revolution would be negligible, had not the war-makers and the peace-makers of an acquisitive, imperialistic society conspired to reduce half Europe to a hopeless slum existence. Revolutions succeed not merely because some party has the daring to start them, but also because other parties lack the confidence and conviction which would enable them to resist.

COMMUNIST WAR WEARINESS

The year 1919 was for Russian internationalism a period of deliberate and somewhat artificial expansion. It subsidized and encouraged the Spartacists of Germany and the Communists of Hungary, and seemed for a few weeks or months on the verge of establishing itself in central Europe. Failure brought a certain moderation, and to cite one conspicuous example, the brilliant, mercurial Karl Radek, (one of the most fascinating talkers I have ever met) who had volunteered to go out from Moscow to lead the German revolution, returned sobered from a German prison, to lead the extreme right in the Russian Communist party. The triumphant victories of the Red Army over Kolchak, Yudenich and Denikin were far from begetting a militarist temper. The troops, for one thing, were tired. It was their sixth year of continuous war. I met numbers of these young Communist officers at Minsk, some of them plainly men of a dashing and adventurous temper, who had escaped from German war-prisons only to rush into much graver risks in the civil war, and while all of them would begin by saying that they were ready to fight on as long as fight they must, they always ended by confessing a deadly fatigue, and a longing for a quiet life at home. The defeat of the "White" generals had put the Soviet government in possession of wide provinces potentially rich but actually devastated. Wretched railway-sidings, broken bridges, and half-ruined mines called aloud for restoration. Again, there was at last a breach in the solid phalanx of hostile capitalist states. Esthonia made peace and opened Reval to trade: there was through this door a gap in the blockade. Mr. Lloyd George initiated negotiations for the resumption of trade, and France was now the only open and irreconcilable enemy. The result was to cast doubt upon the whole theory on which the Communist party had from the first based its foreign policy. It had assumed the necessary hostility of the whole capitalist world, reckoned that unremitting efforts would be made to destroy it, and therefore took no pains whatever to be prudent. If an enemy, it argued, is irreconcilable, you may as well confront him all the while with a defiant challenge. But here was the British empire anxious to trade, and even preparing, though somewhat furtively, for peace.

A FEW MONTHS OF PEACE

Under these influences, Russia entered in the early months of 1920 an almost idyllic period. The army was partly demobilized, and partly transformed into labor battalions for reconstructive work. Munition factories got ready to convert their machinery to peaceful manufacture. Every provincial soviet set to work building bridges and schools, and started schemes for electrification and the laying of railways. Lenin devoted himself with special zeal to his favorite project for restoring Russian industry by means of electrical power derived from peat. The powers of the Extraordinary Commission were curtailed, and the Terror ceased. The railways could devote themselves to civilian traffic, and for a month or two, everyone enjoyed a full ration of bread. Best of all, the sulking, negligent intellectuals, who had so far seen chiefly the destructive side of the Revolution, began to rally to it, partly because it looked stable, but even more because they now realized that the Communist party was capable also of construction. In these months Russia felt that she needed peace; she enjoyed her brief taste of it; she even deluded herself into believing that it was secure.

THE SECRET ARMISTICE WITH POLAND

The Russian leaders were blind to the Polish danger, until it actually broke upon them. A curious chapter of secret history lay behind that confidence. The Poles had never wished well to Denikin's enterprise, for they dread the possibility of a restored Russian empire even more than they dread the Soviet republic. They had refused to cooperate actively, as French strategists desired, by invading Russia from the east, while Denikin and Yudenich marched on Moscow and Petrograd. Their passivity at the critical moment was in fact the result of an arrangement with Moscow. I met at Minsk Comrade Marchlewski, the leader of the Polish Communists in Russia, a man obviously of much ability and experience, whose dignified and attractive personality made the most favorable impression. He twice visited Poland during 1919, with the object of arranging peace. In July, when he proposed that the Poles should keep the territory they then held, he had been well received, but the answer was, "Your terms are satisfactory, but the Entente will not allow us to make peace." In October, during a visit to Minsk on a Red Cross mission, he succeeded in concluding an informal and secret armistice, which bound both parties to refrain from attack, and to observe the lines then held. Moscow hoped to convert this arrangement into a definite peace. It knew Poland's insatiable lust for territory and was prepared to satisfy it.

I need not repeat what is common knowledge, that the Russians tried publicly in March to convert Marchlewski's informal into a formal armistice, and to open peace negotiations with Poland on this basis. That would have involved the sacrifice of a region measuring about 500 by 300 miles, to which the Poles have no just racial claim. To territory as such the Communists feel a sublime indifference, nor do they think in terms of race. Lenin, in making this offer, reckoned on buying a peace which he greatly needed, and the free gift of non-Polish territory which he

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presented to Poland, would only, in his view, be likely to hasten the desired social revolution in Poland. The Poles would be sure to oppress this White Russian population, which sooner or later would revolt. The Poles, however, would not negotiate, for their ambitions had meanwhile become much vaster. They had made terms with their former foe, the Ukrainian guerilla chief, Petliura, and they proposed to acquire, nominally on his behalf, the whole of the Ukraine up to the Dnieper, including the two cities of Kiev and Odessa. They struck promptly, found the Russians unprepared, and occupied Kiev.

THE "POPULAR" POLISH WAR

The Red Army was remobilized once more, collected with a rapidity which did credit to the reorganized railways, and handled, as usual, with much strategical skill. The war was "popular," in the sense that the whole Russian nation (save only the exiles) was solidly behind the Soviet government, and everyone worked with a will for victory. The Russians have never liked the Poles (one recalls much bitter satire of them in Dostoievsky), but it must be said to the credit of the Communists, that they refrained from playing on nationalist passions. All their numerous war-cartoons were aimed not at the Polish nation, but at its grasping governing class. By way of associating even the least Communist sections of the nation with the conduct of the war, General Brussiloff and several of the abler ex-ministers of war of Tsarist times were invited to form an advisory board. It was, I think, little more than an ornamental body, for it met only once a fortnight, in Moscow, and concerned itself only with the organization of supplies, and not with strategy.

THE MARSHAL NEY OF THE REVOLUTION

The notion widely entertained outside Russia, that Brussiloff (a man much aged) was commanding, or enjoyed real influence was entirely erroneous. He is simply a Russian patriot of the old school who has the self-respect which detests foreign intervention. Strategy was in the hands of two men. General Kameneff, the Commander-in-Chief, though not a Communist, is, as I heard Radek say, "nearer to us than many who call themselves Communists," and I often heard him compared with Kutusof, Napoleon's wary and sagacious adversary, so graphically painted in War and Peace. Tukhatchevsky, the Chief-of-Staff who commands at the front, is a more romantic figure. He is only twenty-seven years of age, and was only a senior lieutenant when the Revolution took place. He is a Communist, but comes of a noble family, and was a student of music before the war, mainly interested in old violins. As a prisoner in Germany he tried to escape, but his captors were so much intrigued at finding in his room a 'cello which he had made by glueing matches together, that they pardoned him. He escaped again, however, and rejoined the army. He took his staff course, and developed a deep interest in military history and the science of strategy.

In the early days of the Red Army any officer, especially if he were a Communist, who had science and brains, was sure of rapid promotion. It was Tuchatchevsky who commanded against Kolchak and drove him back to Siberia, and his skilful dispositions were also the undoing of Denikin. I met him at Minsk, a quiet and collected personality, curiously modest and youthful in manner, with the air rather of a student than of a soldier. The really legendary figure of the Red Army is, however, General Budenny (pronounced Boudyónny), a simple sergeant-major of Cossacks in the old army, and now the dashing cavalry General, whose daring rides, usually round the rear of the enemy, have played so great a part in all the Red successes. He is the Marshal Ney of this Revolution, but, I gather, a rougher and simpler personality, idolized by the whole army as the type of "proletarian" genius risen from the ranks. He, after all, had some experience as a sergeant, but there are successful commanders in this army, who before the Revolution had done nothing but bake bread or shave beards.

THE PURITAN RED ARMY

The Red Army is certainly the most efficient creation of the Revolution. Trotsky had a genius for organization, and he has battled with sharp severity against the slovenly unpunctuality traditional in Russia. His ministry runs like clock-work, but there is only one other (the railway ministry organized by Krassin and Sverdloff) which comes near it in precision. I found the same busy good order in Headquarters at Minsk. I can make no guess at the numbers of the Red Army at any given moment: some said it had reached three millions, and it was certainly much over one. A high authority gave me the number of actual combatants engaged in the march on Warsaw and the Corridor as 90,000, and he added that for one combatant, five or even six men in the rear must be reckoned. Our proportion in France was one to three. The difference is partly explained by the primitive railway system and the relative absence of motor transport; the whole army depends on little peasant carts.

I was unlucky in missing a chance to see the fighting lines, but one sees something at Headquarters. The army is not a modern force equipped for a trench war, and it is weak in heavy artillery and in aircraft. It is designed for a war of movement, and probably its most effective arm is its cavalry—by no means all Cossack, for quite early in the Revolution, town workmen who had never ridden before, were turned into good horsemen. The work of the engineers who repaired the railway which the Poles destroyed in their retreat was both rapid and solid. Discipline is obviously good, and the conduct of the men in the town of Minsk was admirable. Their chief amusements in Minsk were to attend the numerous theatres, concerts and cinemas, or else to dance in the parks with the blonde White Russian girls. I had never seen a Puritan army before, and was amazed by these young men, officers and soldiers alike, who never drink, never gamble, never riot in taverns, and require none of the hideous provided vice of the west. If the reader asks why the Reds invariably vanquish the Whites, I should give as the first reason that the Reds are sober. I heard several first-hand accounts in Russia of the conduct of the "White" troops in captured towns—an orgie of drink, debauchery and robbery, in which the officers lead.

THE ARMY AT SCHOOL

In the intervals of fighting and work, the Red Army becomes something between a school and a political meeting. There are innumerable courses for every grade of intelligence, beginning with reading lessons for the illiterate. I heard peasants describe their astonishment, when a lad who had gone to the front unable to scrawl his own name, began to write quite creditable letters home. Education as usual verges into propaganda, and the army is thoroughly grounded in Marxist principles. In the old army there was what was quaintly called "literary instruction": it consisted in learning by heart the rules for saluting various kinds of Generals and Grand Dukes. "In

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the old days," as Tuchatchevsky put it, "all mention of politics was forbidden: the men were a herd kept down by an aristocratic class. Now every soldier understands why he fights: he fights for ideas familiar to all the workers and for the soil which he possesses. He knows that if he is defeated, all the gains of the revolution will be lost, and that the employers and landlords will return."

So far as I could hear, the Reds have not invented anything novel in tactics. I watched a fine regiment of volunteers at Vladimir parading and exercising on the eve of their departure for the front. They were big men. The equipment, which included high boots, tents, blankets and great-coats, provided by the local trade unions, was excellent. The officers, all Communists trained in Trotsky's military academy, knew their work, and the movements, especially the skirmishing "open-order" drill, were well executed. The Red Army does not trouble much about smartness in externals, and the men often look shockingly untidy, especially at the front, but they march well, and attend to the essentials. The "officers" (I was always corrected when I used this word) are saluted and wear their badges only on duty. Off duty they are indistinguishable from the men. They have a function, but they do not form a caste. They seemed to me on the whole an attractive type, most of them young and keen, adventurous and yet studious. The immense majority are either junior regimental officers of the old army, who are more or less Socialists, or else Communists promoted from the ranks.

DESERTERS FROM THE WHITES

I met only two of the rather doubtful aristocratic officers who have rallied to the Revolution. The more typical of them was a ci-devant landowner. He had of course lost his estates, but the peasants had left him his manor-house, and often brought presents of food. He had served with Yudenich, but deserted with others in a body, after a long debate in which they decided (1) that the self-indulgent White Generals were good for nothing, (2) that the Reds seemed likely to survive, and (3) that the Entente did not really mean to support the Counter-Revolution seriously, but merely gave it help enough to keep the civil war going perpetually, in order, for its own imperialistic reasons, to weaken Russia permanently. This young man was gradually beginning to sympathize with Communist ideas, and he had been much impressed when his wife received before and after her confinement the extra mother's ration. The old Tsarist professional officers of higher rank, who entered the Red Army as mercenaries, are no longer of much importance. Some proved so trustworthy that they have been absorbed. Some have been eliminated as unreliable. The command is now so nearly homogeneous and so generally imbued with the spirit of revolution, that the curious institution of the Civil Commissioners, borrowed from the practice of the French Revolution, who were attached to each battalion to insure its political reliability, is now retained only for the bigger units, and is likely to fall into total disuse.

ENGLAND'S MEDIATION OFFER IS REJECTED

It is unnecessary to recall in detail the rapid successes of the Red Army over the Poles. By mid-July, it had not merely recovered Kieff, and driven the Poles out of White Russia and Lithuania, and back to their racial frontier; it had even invaded eastern Galicia and entered Poland proper. The resistance of the Polish armies had been rather weak, and the strategy of the Reds had so far been much the better. Now came for Moscow a searching political problem. This had been for Russia emphatically a war of defence. She had recovered her territory and taught the invader a salutary lesson. Should she prove her moderation by halting at his frontiers and concluding a clement peace? It takes two to make a reasonable peace, and there was nothing to suggest that the Poles were even now prepared for it. But London intervened, manifestly alarmed by the Red successes, and trembling for the consequences in Europe, if a victorious Russian army should sweep onward to the German frontiers. Lord Curzon proposed an equitable frontier for Poland, and offered Allied mediation to arrange a peace. Dialectically it was easy to ridicule this new attitude. For three years the British government had done its utmost to destroy the Russian Revolution, and Mr. Churchill had even supplied Poland with arms. Such a Power could not be a neutral mediator, and to go to London would be to admit that Russia had bent to the yoke and acknowledged the sway of the Supreme Council. In a note of that polished irony in which Chicherin's pen excels, Lord Curzon's offer was politely but decisively rejected.

IF THE OFFER HAD BEEN ACCEPTED

None the less, there was, from a practical standpoint, much to be said for accepting it. Russia was in urgent need of peace, and the recovery of this derelict and devastated territory in the west added, not to her resources but to her obligations. The Poles had burned many of the small towns and big villages inhabited by Jews (I saw personally some of this cruel destruction). The Polish landlords had carried off their horses, cattle and agricultural machinery, and even the smaller peasants had been forced to give up their horses and carts to enable the Poles to carry off their loot. I found the village population divided between a fierce joy that the hated Poles were gone, and a nerveless despair as they inquired how their fields were to be cultivated. There were other good reasons for accepting the Curzon offer. It would have hastened the resumption of trade, and might have compelled Great Britain to take a decided line of opposition to the French policy of unrelenting war on Russia. There were moderates among the leaders of the Communist party (I heard the inner history of this crisis from one of them) who would have closed with the Curzon offer on one condition —the formal recognition of the Soviet Republic. The left wing, however, carried the day, and it won because Lenin sided with it.

WHY RUSSIA REFUSED PEACE

Let no one suppose that racial antipathy, or greed of territory, or any phase of imperialism whatever, had anything to do with Moscow's decision. Moscow followed one perfectly simple and definite aim, and that was to further the social revolution in Poland. Three reasons influenced it. Firstly, if you are a Communist, you must desire a social revolution everywhere. Secondly, a communized Poland would be in direct touch with Germany and Czecho-Slovakia, and would form a base for propaganda and eventually for armed action, conveniently situated for operations in the whole of central Europe. Lastly, and this really was the decisive consideration, nothing much less than a social revolution is ever likely to make Poland a good neighbor. The bellicose and romantic Chauvinism

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of the Polish landed class has a simple economic root: it owns vast estates in White Russia, Lithuania, eastern Galicia and the Ukraine, far beyond the Polish border. While this class dominates Poland and leans on the French alliance, she is never likely to abandon her immense imperial ambitions. When Lenin argued that security from Polish militarism could be attained only by upsetting this landed caste, he reasoned exactly as President Wilson did, when he imposed a democratic revolution on Germany. With all his moderation, Lenin is still a revolutionary; as a shrewd and influential Communist put it, "if he sees even a twenty per cent chance of success for a revolution he will gamble on it." He believed that if the Red Army showed itself, the Polish workers and the landless peasants would rally to it, and so he decided (in his own phrase) "to break the crust with Russian bayonets." Whether in cold blood and alone he would have taken this decision, may be doubted. But the moment made for exaltation. Pilgrims from all over Europe, and even from Asia and America, were arriving in Russia for the Congress of the Third International. It was a time of high hopes and excitement, and as these foreign delegates, all optimists, all enthusiasts, made their presence felt, the world-revolution looked imminent to the more visionary Russian Communists. The left wing clamored publicly for the continuance of the war till Poland became a Soviet republic, and Lenin aims always at the unity of his party.

COMMUNIST MISCALCULATIONS

The belief that the Poles would rise at the approach of a Russian army exhibits the curious deficiencies of Communist political psychology. Russians, however, know the Poles as little as we Englishmen know the Irish. No race on earth is so fanatically nationalist; and that sentiment is nearly as deeply rooted in the masses as it is in the ruling caste. For them Bolshevism is simply a Russian doctrine, and they see in the Red Army merely a new incarnation of the old forces which oppressed them. A revolution, so long as the war lasted, was a moral impossibility. It might conceivably have happened in the depression of defeat, after a not too rigorous peace. That view was forcibly stated to Lenin by the Polish Communists in Russia, and stated in vain. His Marxist reading of history forbids him to reckon with any but economic motives. The Polish proletariat was in acute penury, therefore it must be ripe for a social revolution. The simpler sort of Communists live in a state of Messianic exaltation, and expect the world-revolution, almost from month to month, much as the Jews in the seventeenth century expected the coming of their deliverer. Deep in the Russian soul is a belief in the miraculous, and traces of it survive even in Russians who suppose themselves to be ultra-modern and rigidly scientific. When one reflects that so many of them have lived abroad as exiles, their ignorance of European conditions and the western mind is hard to explain. They usually live, however, in their own restricted revolutionary circles. They have little curiosity touching anything outside the Socialist movement. Many of them in London rarely went beyond Whitechapel. Trotsky lived for several years in New York without learning English, though, judging from his correct and fluent German, he is a good linguist. An exceptionally able Russian friend of mine, who has lived for twenty years in London, actually reported to Moscow, this August, that we were on the verge of revolution. My own attempts to describe the reality were usually received with a chilly and pitying smile. The blockade has naturally deepened this dangerous darkness. If there were no other reason against it, the invincible and dogmatic ignorance of the west which prevails in Russia, should warn western Socialists not to trust their tactics and their policy to the direction of the Third International.

RECOVERY FROM THE POLISH DEFEAT

From this political blunder, (no worse, be it said, than the blunders on which the Allies have founded their Russian policy for three years) Moscow went on to a still more fatal military mistake. There was much to be said for rapid action, for London was threatening war, if Warsaw were occupied, and the French were pouring in munitions. The obvious thing to do was to make an accomplished fact, and above all to cut the Danzig corridor. The soldiers, and Trotsky with them, were aware of the risk, but they were overruled. The army pushed on without waiting for its guns, munitions and supplies, and the march on Warsaw was rather a raid than an invasion. Some units covered twenty miles a day for twelve days on end, and in spite of brilliant cavalry work, when the Poles under French leadership repeated the dispositions of the Marne and brought land mines and big guns into play, the invading army was nearly destroyed. Transport, meanwhile, over the broken railways was a grave difficulty, and, for a time, the men on the Polish front were living on half rations (a pound of bread daily and little else).

The sequel showed the realism and originality of the Communist leaders. Any one else in their place would have brought up reinforcements (which were available) and fought on, at least until they could have insured a good and equitable frontier on the Curzon line, or something near it. All the conventional reasoning about prestige, to say nothing of territory, argued for such a course. Moscow bluffed with spirit, but I saw enough at Headquarters to doubt whether there was ever any real intention of continuing the Polish war. That war had been first of all a necessity, for with the Ukraine in hostile hands, the survival of Soviet Russia would have been a nearly insoluble economic problem. The Ukraine, whatever else might happen had been recovered. For the rest, the sole attraction, the one meaning of the war had been centred in the hope of a Polish revolution. That did not happen, and when Moscow realized its miscalculation, the war ceased to have any further object. It ignored all considerations of prestige, and offered at Reval half White Russia (excluding Minsk) as the price of peace. Two other considerations had their weight. The harvest had failed, famine would be inevitable, unless the railways were free during the winter for civil traffic. In the second place, the threat of Wrangel's advance from the Crimea could no longer be disregarded, and the Russian railway system cannot cope with wars on two fronts at once. He has since been smashed with a swiftness and completeness which show that the Red Army has not lost the efficiency which it displayed in the first half of the Polish campaign.

IS COMMUNIST RUSSIA A MENACE?

The history of this year calls for a commentary. Does it mean that Europe has to face in Russia a neighbor who will never desist from the attempt to promote revolution with bayonets? In that case, of course, the law of self-preservation might justify capitalist Powers in fighting on, till the Communist dictatorship were overthrown. Such a conclusion, however, would outrun the facts. If Poland had been a good and pacific neighbor, if Russia had wantonly attacked her in order to force a revolution upon her, then clearly the gravest inference would be warranted.

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The facts tend all the other way. Poland had pursued towards Russia (as indeed towards all her neighbors) a policy of reckless provocation and aggression. So anxious was Moscow to avoid a war, that it was willing, before the Polish march on Kiev, to purchase peace with vast territorial concessions. The attempt to force a revolution was a grave blunder, but was essentially a defensive move. There is no reason to suppose that Russia will repeat it, unless she is again provoked by wanton attack.

MOSCOW'S EASTERN POLICY

But what, the reader may say, do you make of Moscow's eastern policy? Is she not subsidizing the Turkish Nationalists? Has she not sent some kind of Red force into Persia? Did she not, this summer, at Baku, summon a Congress of the eastern peoples, and bid them join her in a revolutionary Holy War? Certainly she has done all these things. Napoleon in a similar situation followed the same tactics. She has as much right, or as little, to invade Persia as Lord Curzon has, and the French only wish that they had been before her in securing the alliance of the Turks. The Baku Congress must have been a most picturesque convention, and that must have been a telling oration of Zinoviev's, which caused a thousand Moslem chieftains to draw their swords from their scabbards and swear a jehad upon them. None the less this eastern policy is not a development of Communism. The basis of Russian propaganda in the east is nationality, and its rallying cry is "Down with Imperialism." Lenin himself made this clear in a note presented to the Third International, and apologized in a rather labored essay for not preaching social revolution in the east. So true is this, that I even met in Moscow an able Indian Communist, who had refused to attend the Baku Congress, because its basis was merely the "bourgeois" idea of nationality. This man, an obviously honest extremist, was ill-at-ease about the whole trend of Russia's eastern policy, and was deeply disappointed because he could get no support for his own project of preaching a proletarian revolution in India. That would, he admitted, need time, and Moscow evidently wanted quick results.

THE OFFENSIVE DEFENSIVE AGAINST ENGLAND

The plain fact is, as I gathered in a very free talk with Radek, who had just returned from Baku, that this eastern policy is purely tactical. It is the obvious offensive defensive against England. Lenin, like Napoleon, strikes at our most vulnerable spot. Radek, with his dazzling habit of calculated indiscretion, told me many details of the scheme (doubtless with many omissions). The essence of what he said was, however, this, that Moscow disposes absolutely of all levers in this intrigue, and controls all the powder trains for this conflagration. She can touch the levers or refrain, exactly as she wills, and stop when she wills, and she will be guided solely by her own interests. To drop metaphor, it is mainly a question of giving subsidies and arms, or of ceasing to give them. She will do the one or the other, according as Downing Street chooses peace or war. I have little hesitation in accepting this statement as true. If Russia were preaching Communism in the east, then indeed she might well go on, whatever we might do. Principle, indeed, might require her to go on. But nationality is not her creed. It is a cry which she uses for a temporary tactical end. It would cost her nothing to desist from it.

My own reading of the "armed doctrine" is, then, that it is in actual practice mainly a defensive weapon. Moscow will try to rouse the western masses, will appeal even to the eastern tribes, just so long as we blockade her, and subsidize the endless series of enemies who attack her. The notion that she prefers war, and consciously bases the dictatorship on continual war is a gross delusion. On the contrary, three-fourths of her difficulties are due to the continual war. Peace is her only chance of solving her problems of industry, transport and food supply. Every Communist, however fanatical, indeed every Russian, repeated this thesis to me, till I grew weary of hearing it. But surely, the reader may object, the nation did rally to Moscow during the Polish attack? May not Moscow keep war going in order to exploit this patriotism? There certainly was a patriotic rally, yet I believe that the nation rallied with much more enthusiasm, much more hope, a much nearer approach to genuine loyalty, during the constructive idyll which preceded the Polish attack. Never have the men in the Kremlin enjoyed a period so tranquil and so reassuring as the months in the early spring of 1920.

RUSSIA'S NEED OF PEACE

Russians are not Frenchmen, and the Napoleonic analogy may lead us sadly astray. They do not enjoy war: they never think of glory, and they know only too well that war means famine. I believe firmly that if we could but bring ourselves to give Russia peace, the nation would fling itself into the tasks of education and construction with an ardor and a happiness that would banish the armed doctrine to the dim regions of theory. Years will elapse before her shattered life can be even moderately easy, and many years more, before she could realize her high ambition of universal culture and diffused prosperity. She cannot make the world-revolution. The men who can make it, the men whose mad fear of it dooms them to prepare it, are to be sought not in Moscow, but in Paris. If France continues to prolong the epoch of militarism, if she forbids Germany to hope, above all, if she ruins her economic life by seizing the Ruhr coalfield, or handing Silesia to Poland, then certainly I foresee another attempt from Moscow to raise revolution in the west. The danger is not a vain imagining, but if it comes, it will be of our making. Moscow cannot make a revolution in Europe. She can only reap where we have sowed despair.

H. N. BRAILSFORD.

Vain Gratuities

Never was there a man much uglier
In eyes of other women, or more grim:
"The Lord has filled her chalice to the brim,
So let us pray she's a philosopher,"
They said; and there was more they said of her—
Deeming it, after twenty years with him,
No wonder that she kept her figure slim
And always made you think of lavender.

But she, demure as ever, and as fair,
Almost, as they remembered her before
She found him, would have laughed had she been there;
And all they said would have been heard no more
Than foam that washes on an island shore
Where there are none to listen or to care.

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON.

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VERSE

The House With the Marble Steps

He built the house to show his neighbors
That decent thrift could lead to this,
A giddy reason for his labors,
A bright brick apotheosis.

He was not one to be bulldozed
By sentiment, and he had planned
Past whispered sneers when he foreclosed
The mortgage on this very land.

He'd forced his way with prudent greed
While they at best remained the same.
He gauged the folly of a creed
Which keeps a lame purse always lame.

Well, here it was, and in the road
He stood and tallied beam and rafter.
The cost would be a heavy load
He'd tell you, twisting into laughter.

The window-edges were of stone,
A soapy limestone smooth and fair.
The floors were all hard wood and none
Tailed off to pine beneath a stair.

If he were old and quite infirm,
His house was very fresh and young,
And envy is a winding worm—
These thoughts were pepper to his tongue.

And so he watched it grow and grow,
And jotted down the things he heard,
Scheming to balance by the blow
His house should deal as final word.

To crown the whole and go beyond
Whatever yet had been attempted.
In his small town, he signed a bond
Which would most certainly have emptied

The pockets of quite half his friends,
Even to him it was a point,
But when a man aims at such ends
He must keep stiff in every joint.

He bought a quarry's good half year
Of first-class, fine-grained marble output,
He paid a mason very near
As much again to have it cut.

The sharp white polished steps were grand
Descending from the stucco porch.
They glittered like a marching band,
They mounted upward like a torch.

But he had taken to his bed
Before the last was set in place,
And one week later he was dead
With a slow smile upon his face.

The marble flashed beneath the fall
Of undertakers' feet who carried
His coffin to the funeral
Within the house. And there he tarried

For fifteen minutes more or less,
And "dust to dust" they read above him.
Now who had gained in bitterness—
For not one soul was there to love him?

They gaped upon the shining floors,
Their eyes scanned ceiling heights and blocked them.
When all was done, they shut the doors
And shrugged their shoulders as they locked them.

The house is charming now with weeds
Sprung all about, the steps are mellow
With little grass and flower-seeds
Drifting across their sun-stained yellow.

Empty it stands and so has stood
More years than the town clerk can tell.
No legend has it he was good,
No tale reports that he did well.

They've tried to sell it, off and on,
But not a person wants to buy,
Though visitors who've come and gone
Remember it against the sky
In shrewd and sweet proportions glowing
Above a flight of marble steps where grass is growing.

AMY LOWELL.

A Grave Song

I've a pocketful of emptiness for you, my Dear.
I've a heart like a loaf was baked yesteryear,
I've a mind like ashes spilt a week ago,
I've a hand like a rusty, cracked corkscrew.

Can you flourish on nothing and find it good?
Can you make petrifaction do for food?
Can you warm yourself at ashes on a stone?
Can you give my hand the cunning which has gone?

If you can, I will go and lay me down
And kiss the edge of your purple gown.
I will rise and walk with the sun on my head.
Will you walk with me, will you follow the dead?

AMY LOWELL.

Texas

I went a-riding, a-riding,
Over a great long plain.
And the plain went a-sliding, a-sliding
Away from my bridle-rein.

Fields of cotton, and fields of wheat,
Thunder-blue gentians by a wire fence,
Standing cypress, red and tense,
Holding its flower rigid like a gun,

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Dressed for parade by the running wheat,
By the little bouncing cotton. Terribly sweet
The cardinals sing in the live-oak trees,
And the long plain breeze,
The prairie breeze,
Blows across from swell to swell
With a ginger smell.
Just ahead, where the road curves round,
A long-eared rabbit makes a bound
Into a wheat-field, into a cotton-field,
His track glitters after him and goes still again
Over to the left of my bridle-rein.

But over to the right is a glare—glare—glare—
Of sharp glass windows.
A narrow square of brick jerks thickly up above the cotton plants,
A raucous mercantile thing flaring the sun from thirty-six windows,
Brazenly declaring itself to the lovely fields.
Tram-cars run like worms about the feet of this thing,
The coffins of cotton-bales feed it,
The threshed wheat is its golden blood.
But here it has no feet,
It has only the steep ironic grin of its thirty-six windows,
Only its basilisk eyes counting the fields,
Doing sums of how many buildings to a city, all day and all night.

Once they went a-riding, a-riding,
Over the great long plain.
Cowboys singing to their dogey steers,
Cowboys perched on forty-dollar saddles,
Riding to the North, six months to get there,
Six months to reach Wyoming.
"Hold up, paint horse, herd the little dogies.
Over the lone prairie."
Bones of dead steers,
Bones of cowboys,
Under the wheat, maybe.

The sky-scraper sings another way,
A tune of steel, of wheels, of gold.
And the ginger breeze blows, blows all day
Tanged with flowers and mold.
And the Texas sky whirls down, whirls down,
Taking long looks at the fussy town.
An old sky and a long plain
Beyond, beyond, my bridle-rein.

AMY LOWELL.

Assault

I

I had forgotten how the frogs must sound
After a year of silence, else I think
I should not so have ventured forth alone,
At dusk, upon this unfrequented road.

II

I am waylaid by Beauty. Who will walk
Between me and the crying of the frogs?
Oh, savage Beauty, suffer me to pass,
That am a timid woman, on her way
From one house to another!

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

CORRESPONDENCE

A Letter from France

M. Daniel Halévy has sent us a letter from which we translate the following passages:

SIR: Since the letter I wrote you last April, French affairs have taken one of the courses which I suggested to you was possible if not actually likely: the strikes have been broken, and the party of conservatism has been strengthened.

This is characteristic of French society generally. It is also characteristic of that body which in France as everywhere else exists apart and which forms our working class. It is in the throes of an active and ceaseless struggle: the outcome of this struggle is up to now on the whole unfavorable to the revolutionaries. The Russian revolution, and the example it affords of a bourgeosie dispossessed, lures only the fanatics. The majority resist. What with this temptation and this resistance, the Socialist party is wasting its time and strength. Last July, two of its delegates, Cachin and Frossard, came back from Moscow filled with enthusiasm for what they had seen: a revolution, victory . . . At that time Poland seemed to have been crushed. Our revolutionaries are like all other men: any victory carries them away, and the success of the Red armies inflames their pacifist hearts. Cachin and Frossard brought from Moscow a paper which needed only to be signed: an acceptance of the principles and precepts of the Third International, arranged and numbered. I think the number was nineteen. . . .

The nineteen points of Cachin and Frossard presented a formidable appearance: statements of an extreme creed, painful exclusions . . . Perhaps they would have been agreed to by the Socialists had not two events intervened. First: the Red army managed to get beaten. Communist prestige suffered greatly from the defeat. Second: one of the Third International's conditions was directly aimed at our Conféderation Générale du Travail, which corresponds roughly to your American Federation of Labor. It exacted, from those who were to sign it, a pledge to convert their economic organizations to communism. And, besides, the communists had already begun to form, within each union, nuclei for the purpose of "boring from within" and hastening this conversion by all possible means.

I fancy that your A. F. of L., your Gompers, if so threatened, would react energetically. Economic organizations in all countries are very jealous of their traditions and their independence. The C. G. T. reacted. "Hands off!" it said to the communists. It denounced these "borers-from-within" as traitors, and in this its loyal followers upheld it. At the Congrès at Orleans in September the moderate leaders of the C. G. T. were continued in power. The C. G. T. defended itself by attacking: its writers criticized Bolshevism itself, its destructive fanaticism, its nihilism, and its Slavic cruelty . . . What with all this Cachin and Frossard were brought to a halt, and the nineteen points still await the signature of the French Socialist party, weakened and worn out by its dissensions.

Nevertheless it was a political stroke of chance that put the finishing touch to the victory of French conservatism: I mean the illness and resignation of President Deschanel. His successor had to be chosen. Who was it to be?

With us the Presidential office is peculiar. It condemns to inactivity whoever fills it. Such is the tradition, and the fact. Yet in this tradition, this fact, there is something displeasing to old French ways, to the instinct, common to all countries, of domination, and at each vacancy of the Presidential chair, a powerful wave of opinion wishes to force "a strong man" into it. Last September the country clamored for Millerand. But was Millerand, wholly given to his tremendous diplomatic task, to abandon it for a throne in a golden niche? Among those who acclaimed him, who wished him elected, there were, mingled with his friends, wise, crafty enemies whose idea was very obviously: "Let us paralyze, neutralize Millerand by sending him to the Elysée. . . ."

Millerand parried this manoeuvre. He refused to leave his work, to allow himself to be elected, and he proposed other candidates. Parliament and public opinion would have none of them: it was Millerand they wanted. Then he declared his terms. I would remind you that he had always been in favor of a revision of the Constitution, that he always wanted to take

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away from the members of parliament, the deputies and senators, the privilege of naming the Chief of State. He added that if he consented to be elected, it was in order to rule . . . He was elected.

I saw him go by on the night of his triumph. He was leaving Versailles, on his way to Paris. He was riding in an automobile, but not fast, for horsemen escorted him, and his swift vehicle rolled without haste in the midst of the old-fashioned and gallant escort. "How quaint an equipage," I thought, "this auto which keeps its speed down to a horse's trot. But it's a tradition, and it must be followed: the President, when he enters Paris, is escorted by cavalry. Another tradition, less obvious to the eye, requires the President to submit to Parliament and travel at its gait. Will Millerand, who tonight is kept back by his cavalry escort, allow Parliament to keep him under? Is he a victor, a chief, or only a prisoner being led to his prison, a national figurehead on the way to its niche?"

The very day after, it was not a prisoner, but a leader that the first omen foreshadowed. Millerand could have summoned as prime minister the great parliamentarian Briand who, not without arrière-pensée perhaps, had pushed him along towards the Elysée. That would have been a weakness. Millerand managed to avoid it. He kept his own cabinet unchanged, and called to the premiership a friend,—an able politician, but not a star of the first magnitude—M. Leygues. If you stopped the first casual passerby, in the street,—a clerk, a coachman, and ask him point blank: "Who is the premier?" you would embarrass him considerably and he would say to you, "Why, I suppose it must still be Millerand." Such an answer, I imagine, would in your country not be surprising. Over here it signifies a deep change.

Will the revision Millerand desires be soon accomplished? Certainly not; other matters are urgent. And perhaps there would not be much use in this revision. Constitutions are plastic, and a new interpretation of their text is equivalent to a revision. The instability of our ministries has been one of our great weaknesses. They came and went, appeared and disappeared at the bidding of parliamentary intrigues. One of your fellow countrymen once said to me: "What I have never been able to understand is why your cabinets fall." At first the question made me smile, and I boldly began an answer. I was soon aware that this was no easy matter and that your fellow-countryman was right. The difference between us was that I had become accustomed to seeing ministers fall for no particular reason, and that he had not. Wretched, often despicable intrigues lay at the bottom of our changes. Will the support and authority of the President consolidate our ministerial organism? Very likely. A stable seven-year administration would be a great blessing to us. . . .

Here, for example, we have those military questions which have been debated among us lately. How is our army to be organized? As yet we know nothing about it, and we are still governed by the law of 1913, the three year service for all, a harsh law passed by the Parliament in answer to Germany's formidable armaments. What law will govern us tomorrow? We learned last September, that the Minister of War proposed that the length of military service be reduced from three to two years. The radicals, the socialists protested. And not they alone. There was recognizable in the project the unbending spirit of the war offices which thought, before 1914, that war was to be waged by an army of trained soldiers, grouped with professionals and hurled at the enemy in a crushing mass. Bureaucrats, you know as well as I, are obstinate. The experience of six years, victory won by infantry hastily drilled by three months in barracks and led to the front by reserve officers, by not very numerous technicians and experts, and equipped with armament out of date in six months—the war, even the Great War, did not instruct these immovables: two years' service are necessary, they say, if we are to have 800,000 men and 200,000 horses always under arms. Their intelligence resists, their imagination is inert. Great indeed would be the danger were Parliament, yielding to the prestige of a victorious military bureaucracy, to support such a project. And indeed, reaction is running strong. Eminent military authorities, like General Buat, General Duval, —the late director of our air-service—are supporting it, the latter violently, and in the papers. The project will be modified, but that quarter will always have to be watched. Today, November 17th, a communiqué informs us that the length of military service demanded by the government is to be eighteen months.

Speaking of this, I should like to call the attention of those of your readers who are interested in French military affairs to a recent book by M. de Pierrefeu called "G. Q. G." These are the initials that stand for the Grand Quartier Général, or General Headquarters. M. de Pierrefeu lived at G. Q. G. during the war. He was in charge of the editing of the daily communiqué. He is a first-rate journalist, and a liberal-minded man. He saw everybody and has told about them all. It is quite without chauvinism that I call this book to your attention, a book that does not miss opportunities to be biting. M. de Pierrefeu shows the obstinacy, the narrowness, the incurable human folly, he shows too the devotion, the industry, and in a few cases—those who commanded at the end of the war, men like Pétain and Foch, a supreme and energetic intelligence. When I say that this book will interest those who are interested in French military matters, I say too little, for the word "French" is superfluous. M. de Pierrefeu's book has a very general interest, for nothing, I think, is so much like one army as another. What this author saw at our G. Q. G., and has set down so frankly, he would have seen at any other G. H. Q.

Modern warfare must be waged by wide-awake technicians who are quick to change their tools and their methods. Such is the fact. Toward the end of the war, people were just beginning to be aware of this. Is it being forgotten already? It seems to me that today one must, and one can, build up an army that is both very powerful as an army and at the same time a school for mechanics, quartermasters, engineers. Only a little imagination is needed, but among bureaucrats this is the rarest commodity of all.

I call your attention to this difficulty, which is serious, because in our country of compulsory military service, a military law is the concern of all young men. It is not their only concern. There are labor questions, brought particularly to our notice now by the increase in unemployment. This unemployment is due to several causes. On one hand the high price of goods scares the consumer away, and hence working forces are cut down. This is what has happened in the metal and automobile industries. On the other hand the manufacturers, feeling the approach of lower prices, cut down production to make the goods scarcer: this is what is happening in the shoe industry. Many signs foreshadow a general fall in prices, especially sharp in iron, coal, sugar, fertilizers, leather. This worries the speculators; hence a contraction of business, and more unemployment.

There is also the question—for us fundamental—of the German indemnity. Last year we spent more than 20 billion francs in restoring our devastated regions. We shall spend more than 16 billion this year. We have gone in for these expenditures because we put our faith in a Treaty that promises us repayment. Our financial future depends on the fulfillment of the Treaty, and the country is astonished that its Allies are so much as questioning it. It is on this point, perhaps, that Millerand and his administration will be judged: acclaimed if they succeed in getting paid, damned if they fail. The question is doubtless not so simple, but the mood of democracies is "simpliste."

DANIEL HALEVY.

What Is An Alien?

SIR: An interesting indication of the feeling of the American public toward the foreign-born would seem to be revealed by the answers of students at a well-known New England college to a class problem presented to them requiring a definition of the word "alien." Here are the incorrect answers—and let it be remembered that these are college students, not grammar school pupils.

alien—a person hostile to this country
—a person against the government
—a person who is, say, a German in France during a war between the two countries, is an alien.
—a person hostile to this country
—a person who is on the opposite side.
—a native of an unfriendly country
—a foreigner at war
—a foreigner in a country which has some connection with his mother country (war)
—a foreigner who tries to do harm to the country he is in
—an enemy from a foreign land
—a person against a country
—a person who is in a country that has waged war against his native country
—a person of different nationality to the country he is in (usually an enemy to the country).

It is easy to draw too many conclusions from such a set of

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answers as this—and conclusions that are too far-reaching—but it would seem pertinent to speculate about the processes of mass psychology that might well be assumed to be behind it. A good deal of it simply comes from ignorance and poor training in preparatory schools. That in itself is a deplorable fact. All these boys are graduates of high schools or academies of acknowledged standing. Yet they do not know the meaning of so common a word as "alien," one of the most generally used words in the news of today.

If we ask why it is that all of the mistakes acribe an unfriendly meaning to the word, the answer is harder to find. It is fair to trace some of this spirit to the general use of such a phrase as "alien enemy" during the war. But that doesn't explain all of the answers.

Such a definition as that describing the alien as "against the government," or "a foreigner who tries to do harm to the country he is in," is probably the result of the confusion of thought and talk concerning the Soviet experiment in Russia. It is not only unfair to the foreigner but to ourselves that such loose and hazy ideas about a great movement of our day, whatever we may think of it, should be allowed to exist. That they do exist and to a considerable extent may be assumed when college students, from whom the future leaders of the country might be expected to come, give such answers as these.

If the college youths exhibit such a lamentable lack of knowledge, what can be expected of the man in the street?

H. W. M.

In Reply to Jane Addams

SIR: Your issue of November 24th contains an article by Jane Addams entitled Feed the World and Save the League. Certainly Miss Addams has earned the right to sponsor idealism to the American people. Certainly also no criticism can be directed against the plane of humanitarianism underlying her present appeal. The writer cannot, however, cast off the apprehension that readers of the New Republic who have not been in direct contact with relief work may be led to a misconstruction of the situation in Europe through the strictures applied by Miss Addams to the present League.

An open-minded perusal of the article might lead the reader to infer that the League of Nations possesses the power of allocation of foodstuffs once held by the Supreme Economic Council and before it by the Inter-Allied Food Council. Mankind has indeed accumulated a "war experience in the increased production and distribution of foods." It is, however, an assumption that machinery exists wherewith this could be employed in the future. When Miss Addams says "if the League of Nations had maintained the system" and "if this policy of feeding the hungry were once adopted," the reader might infer that the League of Nations possesses the power that the war boards possessed but declines to use it, through timidity or blindness. Miss Addams quotes the British Labor Party as follows: "During the period of the war we had great international bodies for the control and distribution of shipping, credit and raw material in accordance not with the capacity to pay, but with vital need. Only so could the common enemy be met. There was in these arrangements the beginnings of an organized economic government of the world, a real international society, subjecting to a common control those things essential to the common life. Here was a world-government actually in being." While this is true in the superficial sense, it was not true in the deeper sense. The British Empire, the United States, France and Italy imposed upon the world a unified system of control of commodities. This "organized economic government of the world" rested on force, the force of finance, of blockade, of the bunker rule. It was a system of blockade with the positive aspect of allocation emphasized as much as the negative feature of restriction. This power did not continue with the Supreme Economic Counil. Despite the wishes of the United Kingdom, France and Italy that the institution be prolonged until the final signing of the treaties of peace, the United States and the Dominions of the British Empire refused to entertain the idea and centralized control and allocation ceased in the spring of 1919. The League has no more power in this direction than has the Board of Editors of the New Republic. Specific legislation would be required in each country in order to transfer to the League of Nations the smallest fraction of the power over commodities exercised by the war boards during the late conflict. The League has no power to buy or sell, to allocate or restrain, to distribute or supervise, except through the Reparations Commission. The concept of "an organized economic government of the world" was not contained in the principles of the Covenant of the League of Nations.

There are four ways in which the hungry peoples of Europe may obtain food. Humanitarians in the food-exporting countries may contribute food outright as an act of relief. Producers in the food-exporting countries may purchase bonds or other instruments of credit of European countries and deliver the face value in foodstuffs. Traders may sell foodstuffs on credit, as they have indeed been doing in large volume during the past eighteen months. Finally, the United States Government might purchase bonds of European governments, pay for them with the proceeds of an internal loan and deliver the face value in foodstuffs. Europe's extraordinary need of foodstuffs will continue until her commodity resources have been restored, her invisible resources regained and her agriculture regenerated.

Miss Addams expresses the idealistic conception that "there is all over the world a sense of loss in motive power, the consciousness that there is no driving force equal to that furnished by the heroism and self-sacrifice demanded in war time" and that nothing "could afford a more primitive, genuine and abiding motive than feeding the people of the earth on an international scale." In common with everyone who has been engaged in relief work, the writer fervently trusts that this faith is justified. "Why not open the gates and let these primitive emotions flood our devastated world." All the relief organizations of the United States have combined to raise during the next few weeks some twenty-five million dollars to continue the Child Feeding operations of Herbert Hoover's organization and to continue and enlarge the Red Cross care of sick children in Europe. This is a crucial problem and one in which the American spirit can find direct scope for expression, uninfluenced by any international considerations revolving about a League of Nations, whose relations the average intelligent American is unable to visualize.

ALONZO ENGLEBERT TAYLOR

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

The Protection of Our Parks

SIR: I regret very much to find that you have opened your columns to a piece of petty propaganda against the National Park Service without at least presenting the other side of the case at the same time. When an attack is published without a defense a certain amount of damage to the truth is inevitably done even when the defense is subsequently given hearing, for in many cases the defense is not read by the same persons who have read the attack. In the case of the letter from Mr. Enos A. Mills of Longs Peak, Colorado, published in the New Republic of November 10th, you might easily have afforded opportunity for simultaneous defense by sending a copy of Mr. Mills's letter to the Director of National Parks with a request for an answer to the charges.

As chairman of the Committee on National Parks of the Sierra Club I have had occasion to make inquiry into the very matter that Mr. Mills has written about. His propaganda has been sent to the Sierra Club and although much of it is local to the Rocky Mountain National Park there is so much that attacks the general policies of the Park Service that we have felt particular concern in investigating the actual conditions. The Sierra Club, since its foundation in 1892, has watched with a jealous eye everything affecting the national parks. Under the leadership of John Muir its charter members were, even before the foundation of the Club, among the most influential forces in establishing the Yosemite and Sequoia National Parks. The Club has worked heroically for the conservation of our forests and for preserving the integrity of our parks. It has watched the administration of the national forests and the national parks with solicitude and has been quick to express itself whenever it has felt that the public interests have been threatened.

The present administrative organization of the National Park Service is the result of legislation long advocated by the Sierra Club and other public spirited organizations familiar with the national parks problems. The National Park Service is established by Act of Congress approved August 25, 1916. The Director of National Parks is appointed by the Secretary of the Interior in the same manner as the Director of the Geological Survey, or as the Chief Forester by the Secretary of Agriculture. Mr. Stephen T. Mather of Chicago has been Director since the organization of the Service. He is widely known as a public-spirited citizen, financially independent, and totally free from any entanglement of politics. Not the slightest imputation against

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the integrity of his motives has ever been expressed excepting by one or two such individuals as Mr. Mills who have developed personal grievances against the Park Service because of its failure to recognize in themselves the best instrument for advancing the interests of the public in the national parks.

In the midst of Mr. Mills's rantings about "Kings, Barons, and Bureaucracies" it is somewhat difficult to find out the precise nature of his complaints. One of the principal ones seems to be that the numerous local people have been deprived of certain perquisites, and in their rage cannot remove the Director. This complaint really comes down to the question of Competition versus Monopoly and can only be discussed from the broadest point of view and by disinterested persons. It is very closely analogous to the question whether it is more advantageous for the public to have two or more telephone systems in the same town or to submit to the "horrors" of a monopoly. Most communities have declared in favor of the latter, and the National Park Service came to a similar conclusion after a very careful consideration of the matter. Mr. Mills's accusations of collusion and political intrigue are totally unsupported by evidence or argument and can only be regarded as vindictive and malicious aspersions.

The matter of fees collected from motor vehicles upon entering the national parks is discussed in the First Annual Report of the Director of the National Park Service for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1917, pages 21 to 23. It might be borne in mind that most parties, especially those with their own camping outfits, come into the parks for a stay of more than a day or two, so that the amount of the fee cannot under the circumstances be regarded as excessive. At best the whole question is a trivial matter and one that cannot be held up as an accusation against the National Park Service. In fact I believe the Park Service would very gladly abolish all such fees if Congress would take a more liberal attitude in the matter of appropriations for road construction and repair.

The National Park Service is a comparatively recent organization and the development of the parks in respect to their use by the public has been phenomenal during the past few years. The problems have been many and varied and have required the broadest and most constructive policies. The country has been fortunate in having a man of such administrative genius and fine vision as Director Mather in charge at this critical time.

Just now the integrity of the parks themselves, particularly in the case of the Yellowstone, is threatened by the invasion of interests seeking for private or local gain the resources consecrated to the people as a whole. It therefore behooves all those who believe in the principle of inviolate national parks to rally to the support of the Park Service in preventing this invasion. So I hope Mr. Mills will lay aside his personal grievances and disappointments and join in the defence of the parks about which he has written with so much enthusiasm.

FRANCIS P. FARQUHAR.

San Francisco, California.

The Democrats and the Treaty

SIR: The New York World, on Armistice Day, says: "The politicians who controlled the Allied governments did not want a peace of justice. They wanted a peace of plunder. Germany was down, central Europe was destroyed, and their one thought was not of the future but of the loot of victory. . . . The war that was fought to end war turns out to have been a war in which one kind of imperialism has been triumphant over another kind of imperialism."

It is not hard to agree with this, but in the same editorial the World declares:

"In the twenty-four months that have elapsed since the signing of the armistice we have been unable to ratify a treaty of peace that all the other belligerents long ago accepted. . . . We alone have broken faith with the dead."

Perhaps "the politicians who controlled the Allied governments did not want a peace of justice," but they were the ones who framed the Versailles Treaty. If the carrying out of that Treaty means a peace of justice, it is difficult to see how the war has turned out to be "a war in which one kind of imperialism has been triumphant over another kind of imperialism." Further, if "all the other belligerents long ago accepted" the Treaty of Peace, why is it that, as the World says, the people of the earth are "looking toward the future doubtfully and apprehensively, wondering if the peace that was won at so terrible a price will ever be stabilized or attained"? Would not a peace really "accepted" by "all the other belligerents" be stable enough to stand, even if the United States declined to approve it?

Unless all signs fail, the Republican Senate will try to ratify the Versailles Treaty. It is the duty of the Democratic party to try to block ratification until an understanding shall have been reached that the terms imposed upon Germany and Austria will be softened, and that at least a part of the loans from the United States to the Allies will be cancelled. Such a move would, it must be admitted, be a confession of weakness of the Democratic election campaign cry of "Ratify," and it would, at first thought, appear to be an amazing about-face, coming close on attacks against bitter-ender Republicans. But the fact that the Democratic party has been too timid to stand squarely back of the Wilson ideal of justice for all nations and generosity toward a defeated foe, is no excuse for failure of the party to get onto its feet now.

The Democratic party does not need to repudiate Woodrow Wilson. It does need to repudiate the statement of Woodrow Wilson that the Versailles Treaty is "a treaty of justice," that it is "an absolute renunciation of spoils." Frank H. Simonds of the New York Tribune can not be accused of wanting a "soft peace" for Germany, yet even Mr. Simonds says: "The German choice is between a generation of economic servitude to the west and a dangerous experiment with eastern revolution."

The Treaty is bad. It is time to abandon the cry: "Ratify the bad Treaty in order to get the good League." The League will not be good if it enforces the bad Treaty. The first duty of the Democratic party is to join the irreconcilables, but it must not stop there. It must do what Johnson and Borah failed to do: Demand a new peace conference.

MYRON M. JOHNSON.

Hartford, Connecticut.

Pluriverse

SIR: Professor Hoernlé, in his review of the late Benjamin Paul Blood's Pluriverse, published in your issue of November 24th, raises a question as to the propriety of the publication, because he doesn't like the book.

As Mr. Blood honored me by charging me with the task of bringing Pluriverse out, I venture to reply to that question. It seems to me to be a question based on an initial distaste for mysticism, and a reading of the book, consequently, with no desire to discover or to understand its purpose and method. I can think of no other reason why so competent and seasoned a reviewer as Professor Hoernlé should have missed so completely the essential quality and meaning of Blood's thought.

My own attention was first called to these by William James, who commended them to me as something original and rare, well worth the sympathetic attention of the student of metaphysics. James considered Blood's work important enough to study and to introduce to others, and at various times urged Blood to state his vision in a systematic treatise. This vision constituted, in James's judgment—in which I am glad to concur—a positive addition to the literature of mysticism, an addition important enough to warrant giving it to the public even if the demerits of the books were infinitely more numerous than even Professor Hoernlé thinks. It is a pity that his strong distaste for mysticism—vide the last paragraph of his review—and perhaps an unfamiliarity with its literature, should have blinded him to what Blood actually adds to the mystical tradition. That tradition holds just such a combination as Pluriverse is of dialectic refutation of the competency of dialectic to reveal reality, in order to clear the ground for a dogmatic statement of the direct experience of reality which the mystic's always claims to be. But where the mysticism of tradition always ascribes to this experience divinity, goodness, unity and eternity, Blood finds in it nothing more than, if I may say so, the commonplaceness of the commonplace in the daily life. What, according to his notion, makes this mystical, is the addition thereto of a sense of initiation, of a realization that "now you know." This, I submit, must be, to any one familiar with the literature of mysticism, both dialectical and rhapsodical, a novel and original addition to its development and significances. Apprehended with the vividness and intensity which is characteristic of Blood, it must inevitably give rise to "that religion of courage and content which cherishes neither anticipations nor regrets." Taken together with the facts of Blood's personal isolation in Schenectady, New York, his long and absolutely healthy life, his occupation of farmer, his literary powers and his intellectual provincialism, it constitutes a complex racy of the soil of America, and well worth, as William James believed, tasting and understanding.

H. M. KALLEN.

Buffalo, New York.

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Books and Things

IN the late spring of 1889, near the close of an elementary course in psychology, William James gave his class some advice about their choice of subjects to study the next year. Of psychology, being an abnormally incurious youngster in such matters, I had learned next to nothing. But Mr. James himself—in those days it was bad form at Harvard even to think of one's teacher as Professor—had given me something I have valued all my life, the sight and sound of a naturalness such as only one other human being of my acquaintance has had in equal measure. For most of each lecture hour William James talked to us as if we were not there, becoming aware of our presence only when he had just said something that he was afraid we might take his word for, or when somebody asked him a question. To each questioner he seemed to give instantly his whole mind, even when the question did not deserve so much honor, and in his answers to the few intelligent questions there was not only this perfect and informal courtesy, but something more, something like the first beginning of a personal relation. His advice about our choice of studies was quite as characteristic. Go further into philosophy, he said, by all means take an advanced course or two, if you feel the urgency of any of the questions that philosophy seeks to answer. But remember, unless you are sure you shall be unhappy if you do not take part in this search, that here at Harvard and in Boston you have libraries and pictures and laboratories such as you may never fall in with again, and teachers who will show you how to make the most of these things.

What finally persuaded him to give up trying to be a painter, William James once told us, was his realization that he could not imagine his unpainted picture or his undrawn drawing as a whole. In advance of execution he could imagine nothing but bits, which later he had to put together mechanically, by taking pains, and of which the appearance gave away this process, betraying the fact that wholes were something his pictures had never been seen as. Mr. John Jay Chapman seems to think William James continued to regret this decision against painting, or the necessity for making it. "It has sometimes crossed my mind," he says in Memories and Milestones, "that James wanted to be a poet and an artist, and that there lay in him, beneath the ocean of metaphysics, a lost Atlantis of the fine arts; that he really hated philosophy and all its works, and pursued them only as Hercules might spin, or as a prince in a fairy tale might sort seeds for an evil dragon. . . . Thus we reason, forgetting that the mysteries of temperament are deeper than the mysteries of occupation." William James's books are there to prove that, whatever his reason for giving up painting, he did well to spend his life as he spent it. The Letters of William James, just published by the Atlantic Monthly Press in two slim volumes which are a credit to American bookmaking, and which would have delighted the eyes of their fastidious author, prove that Mr. Chapman is wrong. James never regretted that he was giving his life to "philosophy and all its works."

But "a lost Atlantis of the fine arts"! Like many of the others which Mr. Chapman has scattered up and down his books, this imaginative phrase is an insight, none the less illuminating because in William James's case the Atlantis was not lost. For him it was indeed a fortunate island. He could visit it when he chose. He could not help living in it. His interest in philosophy grew in volume until it flooded his whole being, but his other interests remained part of his being. The more time he gave psychology or the theory of truth, the less he could give to landscape, the greater novels, poetry or friendship, but his interest in each of these things kept its young vividness all his days. From time to time, he says, to be sure, that this sound or that sight is losing its edge, but readers of the Letters will find scarcely another sign of any such loss. These other interests, these visits to his fortunate island, made his eager questionings more eager and colored his answers. That is why one of his main gifts, to non-philosophical readers of his books, is their surprised discovery that theory, far frem being necessarily gray, may look as green as life's golden tree. Imagine a teacher of mathematics who gave you a feeling that triangles were things you might find in an orchard, or on the bank of a brook!

And yet, although the Letters give one no cause to lament James's unfulfilled possibilities, they do convince one, even more thoroughly than his books do, that these possibilities were many. He gave up painting: he did not give up looking at nature with an attentive eye. Whether in London, Switzerland, Italy or the New Hampshire hills, he is always alert to observe. From Newport he writes to Henry James of "that low West that I've so often fed on, with a sombre but intense crimson vestige smouldering close to the horizon-line, economical but profound, and the western well of sky shading upward from it through infinite shades of transparent luminosity in darkness to the deep blue darkness overhead. It was purely American. You never see that western sky anywhere else." "Thank God for this day," he writes to Mrs. James from Amalfi, in March of the following year, when he was sixty-three: "Practically six hours driving, through a scenery of which I had never realized the beauty, or rather the interest, from previous descriptions. The lime-stone mountains are as *strong* as anything in Switzerland, though of course much smaller. The road, a *Corniche* affair, cut for the most part on the face of cliffs, and crossing little ravines (with beaches) on the side of which nestle hamlets, is positively ferocious in its grandeur, and on the side of it the azure sea, dreaming and blooming like a bed of violets. I didn't look for such Swiss strength, having heard of naught but beauty." He can give one the feeling of a place, as of San Francisco in 1898, in a sentence: "So remote and terminal, so full of the sea-port nakedness, yet so new and American, with its queer suggestions of a history based on the fifties and sixties."

Yes, a landscapist in prose, and of the first order, is one of the many things James might have been. No reader of his Letters can doubt this, just as no reader of his other books, in spite of all their hospitality, can doubt the greatness he might have achieved as a literary critic. In the Letters the hospitality, although still remarkably present, especially for writers in need of a helping hand, is less remarkable than the fastidiousness. With what wit in the choice of words he disposes of Bourget's Idylle Tragique: "B.'s moral atmosphere is anyhow so foreign to me, a lewdness so obligatory that it hardly seems as if it were part of a moral *donnée* at all." And has any literary critic, after a life-time of nothing but literary criticism, described Henry James's last phase with a destructive sympathy equal to this, of The American Scene? "You know how opposed your whole 'third manner' of execution is to the literary ideals which animate my crude and Orson-like breast, mine being to say a thing in one sentence as straight and explicit as it can be made, and then to drop it forever; yours being to avoid naming it straight, but by dint of breathing and sighing all round and round it, to arouse

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in the reader who may have had a similar perception already (Heaven help him if he hasn't!) the illusion of a solid object, made (like the 'ghost' at the Polytechnic) wholly out of impalpable materials, air, and the prismatic interferences of light, ingeniously focused by mirrors upon empty space. But you *do* it, that's the queerness! And the complication of innuendo and associative reference on the enormous scale to which you give way to it does so *build out* the matter for the reader that the result is to solidify, by the mere bulk of the process, the like perception from which *he* has to start. As air, by dint of its volume, will weigh like a corporeal body; so his own poor little initial perception, swathed in this gigantic envelopment of suggestive atmosphere, grows like a germ into something vastly bigger and more substantial. But it's the rummest method for one to employ systematically as you do nowadays; and you employ it, at your peril." Yes, it may be true that William James might have been a master in literary criticism, but while reading such a passage one feels that the truth is shorter than that: he was a master.

Fastidiousness and hospitality—no review of the Letters can help emphasizing these traits of William James's character, or help noticing how easy each trait found the other to live with. From Leipzig, after an afternoon with three American reformers, he writes to Mrs. James: "Religion is well, moral regeneration is well, so is improvement of society, so are the courage, disinterestedness, ideality of all sorts, these men show in their lives; but I verily believe that the condition of being a man of the world, a gentleman, etc., carries something with it, an atmosphere, an outlook, a play, that all these things together fail to carry, and that is worth them all. I got so suffocated with their everlasting spiritual gossip!" This humorous impatience is characteristic, but no more so than the humorous tolerance with which he describes a man who happened to share his cabin on an Atlantic voyage: "My chum is a graduate of Bowdoin college, going to study two years in Europe on money which he made during his vacations by peddling quack medicines of his own concoction, and cutting corns. He has supported himself four years in this way, and *abgesehen* from the swindle of his life in vacation time, is an honor to his native land, without prejudices and full of animal spirits, wit and intelligence. We wash in the same basin. He has never tasted spirituous liquor."

This contrast between his tolerance and his fastidiousness, between his hospitality to every form of promise and his preference for the best in workmanship, is but one of the many contrasts illustrated in the Letters, where neither term ever blurs the distinctness of the other. "Santayana's book is a great one," James writes of The Life of Reason, "if the inclusion of opposites is a measure of greatness." The inclusion of opposites in his own nature gives the Letters an incomparable variety and richness. He often urged his students and readers to ignore the poorness of their memories or their inability to concentrate, and to remember that no matter how slight might be their native endowment, an intense interest in their occupation would some day bring mastery of it. Yet he can also, on occasion, say this: "The difference between the first- and second-best things in art absolutely seems to escape verbal definition—it is a matter of a hair, a shade, an inward quiver of some kind—yet what miles away in point of preciousness. Absolutely the same verbal formula applies to the supreme success and to the thing that just misses it, and yet verbal formulas are all that your aesthetics will give." There is opposition, no doubt, between the two points of view, which, taken together, do nevertheless add up to a total, that although the average man can achieve but little, no matter how hard he tries, the difference is immense to him between this little and the less he would have achieved if he had not tried his hardest.

"It is the amount of life which a man feels that makes you value his mind," William James says to Henry in 1876, "and Turgeniev has a sense of worlds within worlds whose existence is unsuspected by the vulgar." It was the amount of life his hopefulness had evidently survived and fed on which gives this hopefulness, I suppose, its extraordinary carrying power. His hopefulness does not exclude by shutting its eyes. It recognizes the sick soul and all its rights. James thought mere healthy-mindedness an inadequate attitude to the whole of life. Thus he keeps hope clear of the taint of domesticity. For his hope is no tame villatic fowl: it is a valor which his awareness and hatred of evils have kept sensitive, which his nerves, his ill health, his impatiences have tempered and edged, and through which sadness and humor ripple and gleam. Is not his theory of truth really a belief that the inevitable can be changed for the better, and that it will change for the worse unless brave men concentrate a heavy fire upon it?

These Letters show him treating the inevitable in his own unconquerable spirit, and treating unavoidable evils with an incompetence equally his own. He bore his many illnesses and absences from work with the most engaging courage, but once at home again, and fairly well, he could not help letting men who had no claim upon him eat up his time. His kindness of heart was too much for those who were doing their best to protect him from needless interruptions. He longed for uninterrupted hours, but only near the last, I should say, did he perceive how great a sacrifice he had made. "I am convinced," he tells Mrs. Whitman, seven years before his death, "that the desire to formulate truths is a virulent disease. It has contracted an alliance lately in me with a feverish personal ambition, which I have never had before, and which I recognize as an unholy thing in such a connection. I actually dread to die until I have settled the Universe's hash in one more book, which shall be *epochemachend* at last, and a title of honor to my children! Childish idiot—as if formulas about the Universe could ruffle its majesty, and as if the commonsense world and its duties were not eternally the really real!" Three years later, when he is sixty-four, he writes to Henry James: "This is definitely my last year of lecturing, but I wish it were my first of non-lecturing. Simplification of the field of duties I find more and more to be the *summum bonum* for me; and I live in apprehension lest the Avenger should cut me off before I get my message out. Not that the message is particularly needed by the human race, which can live along perfectly well without any one philosopher; but objectively I hate to leave the volumes I have already published without their logical complement. It is an aesthetic tragedy to have a bridge begun, and stopped in the middle of an arch."

One reads Byron's letters with a feeling that they are better than he, Matthew Arnold's with a feeling that he was better than they, William James's with a feeling that he and they are the same. The very tones of his voice are audible in them, his wit is here, his fine considerateness, his friendships, naturalness, variety, sincerity. Nobody's humor draws closer likenesses of persons and ideas and points of view. Nobody's seriousness is more informal. He writes of death, to his dying father, with a directness worthy of Pericles in the Funeral Speech. Is there a better book of letters in English? I wish it had been twice as long.

P. L.

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A Policy for the Labor Party

A Policy For The Labor Party, by J. Ramsay Macdonald. London: Leonard Parsons.

MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD is the type of labor leader which no country but Great Britain could have produced. There must be some mysterious alchemy in the English climate that softens the acerbities, and tones down the crudities that mark the growth of parallel political movements in other countries. Society may be, as Schopenhauer put it, a collection of hedgehogs driven together for the sake of warmth, yet somehow or other, in England their spikes get felted. The felting applies to the intellect as well as to the emotions, and it is only at the cost of a preponderating stupidity that refuses to develop any theme to its logical issue, that we gain a genial moderation that almost makes of our politics a career for a gentleman.

The English are sufficiently logical not to make the mistake of applying logic to life, and sufficiently muddled to steer clear of the catastrophic revolution which the application of political logic to the modern state would inevitably involve. Hence it is possible for England to produce Ramsay Macdonald, and a type of man who in any other country would infallibly spend half his time in the cabinet and the other half in prison, looks after the accounts of the Labor party and writes books on political theory in equal liberty and unimportance.

For don't make any mistake, Mr. Ramsay Macdonald's book is not a collection of party specifics for bringing about the millennium: it is a serious work on political theory, which deserves the attention of thinkers as well as of politicians. "Programs," he says, "are meaningless unless in relation to some conception of society and the state," and he exhorts his followers to "take care of the pounds and the pence will take care of themselves."

Mr. Macdonald's principles are of the best. He sees clearly and it is a point that is often overlooked, that the ultimate justification for labor members in Parliament lies not in the fact that they represent the ideas of an oppressed class, which can be championed only by men of that class, but that they stand for certain political ideals which can be pursued by men of any class, and are themselves chosen solely for their power of leadership and capacity for statesmanship. "That," he says, "is the only possible position for a political party to occupy," and he proceeds to show that the Labor party in Great Britain, "after having gone through its class phase has returned to this correct position."

The bulk of the book deals with the vexed question of how far labor is fitted to undertake the responsibilities of government. Mr. Macdonald, I think, proves his case on this point. He proves to demonstration that there is no government department dealing with questions of such a kind that labor men are from the very fact of their position as labor men unable to comprehend, initiate, and control its policy. Taking those spheres of government in which it has been most frequently urged that labor would prove unversed or incompetent, he shows how in the foreign offices of the world labor leadership would make for frank and open diplomacy, while it would reduce the various war offices to their proper function of devising necessary measures for the defence of the community, instead of pursuing as they do at present inflammatory and aggressive policies in order to justify their own exaggerated pretensions. "They light the flames against which they are supposed to be an insurance." For the vexed problem of small and subject nationalities Mr. Macdonald proposes the solution of a free choice on the part of the nationality in question. He offers this solution for Ireland. But Mr. Macdonald is nothing if not cautious: he is as safe always as a municipal tram, and it is a characteristic note of Scotch canniness that creeps into his treatment of the Irish question. Whilst allowing to Ireland the free choice of its own destiny, he asserts it to be the business of a labor government "to get Ireland to see the gravity of its choice and to secure such a decision as will offer a true ending to the unhappy relations of the two countries."

"Secure a decision!" Not quite the appropriate phrase surely to use of a nation to whom you propose to allow a free decision. What if the decision were incompatible with Mr. Macdonald's estimable object? Would it still be free? And not only is Mr. Macdonald unduly "safe," he is at times unduly optimistic. Much as supporters of the Labor party may expect from its accession to power, it is not to be supposed that all the abuses of government will immediately vanish, or that the frailties which have been common to practically all the administrations in the world would fail to characterize the brand new one so ably outlined in this book. I do not mean to suggest that Mr. Macdonald really expects the Labor party to usher in the millennium, but the facile cheeriness, the blithe trust in the future indicated by statements like the following, show that the habits of the public platform, when deeply ingrained cannot be entirely eliminated, even in the study. What else are we to make of phrases like "Education can thus become education and not an expensive education machine"? "Such measures as housing and education would be properly dealt with." "Rigid departmental economies would be pursued, the rival flights of profits and wages would be stopped, and the country would find equilibrium without going through the catastrophe which is so commonly taken for granted," phrases which trip so lightly from Mr. Macdonald's pen that it is almost to be believed that he believes them.

And, after all, are people as sensible as Mr. Macdonald makes out, are they as safe as he is himself? Are they in fact sensible enough to prefer political principles to programs, and safe enough to steer clear of that "catastrophe which is so commonly taken for granted"? Or rather, even if we assume that they are, is the coming or the passing of that catastrophe really a matter which falls within the sphere of human control?

If a revolution comes in the countries of western Europe or in the United States, it need not necessarily be because people are stupid, and governments malignant: it may come as the result of the interplay of blind economic forces, whose direction none may gauge, and whose operations none may check. The state has grown too big for human control. Political events in the modern state appear almost as the expression of the blind chance, envisaged by Mr. Hardy as the operative force behind the vast canvas of his dynasts, and states like human beings are puppets twitched into strife and war by some invisible showman. It is a process of this kind, asserted not necessarily as the result of some deterministic conception of events, but always operative where the forces of society grow too complex for human guidance and control, that may impel the state towards a breaking point, despite all the sanity and moderation of the proposals for constitutional change put forward by thinkers like Mr. Macdonald.

It is the realization of this process, and the danger it

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threatens that have led many modern theorists to insist that safety for society lies only in the direction of devolution. By cutting up the state and reducing the unit of government to sizeable dimensions, it may be possible again to subject the progress of events to the guidance of human will and foresight. It is on reasoning of this kind that the devolutionist proposals of the guild socialists are in part based. Yet these considerations are wholly ignored in Mr. Macdonald's book. Where, as for instance, on page 166 he does touch upon the anomalies of the modern representative system, he fails even to mention the appalling pressure and the complexity of the demands upon the representative's attention, which render it humanly impossible to grasp even a small part of the issues which present themselves for solution in the modern representative assembly. Yet it was this factor alone which drove even the Webbs in their most recent book, A Socialist Commonwealth for Great Britain, to advocate the splitting of Parliament into at least two distinct bodies, one for the industrial, the other for the purely administrative sphere. It is to be doubted whether even Mr. Macdonald's triumphant Labor party could deal adequately with the multifarious issues presented to it, short of some such division as the Webbs contemplate. C. E. M. JOAD.

A Man of Lawe's Tale

Domesday Book, by Edgar Lee Masters. New York: the Macmillan Co.

AS for Edgar Lee Masters, nothing less than a comédie humaine serves to exhaust his interest in and his perception of the current life of America. The Spoon River Anthology was a comédie humaine localized; his latest volume, Domesday Book, is a comédie humaine that has for locale the whole of the United States, and that even overflows into the France of war times. It is distinctively A Man of Lawe's Tale, taking its title from the greatest of historic inquisitions and its form from presentments of evidence and testimony. Primarily it is about the inquest on the body of a young woman, Elenor Murray, but it also claims the intention of being an inquiry into the "tenures spiritual" of American life.

Remember that the Domesday Book of William the Conqueror was not a "judgment book" but a "house book"; it had to do with possessions and services. This Domesday Book would be a "census spiritual" as that register of twelfth century England was a census economical. What a scope to give a poem! No other poet in America would dare undertake a poem of such largeness of conception; no other poet in America would dare make the challenge to the collective opinion of this Republic that there is in certain words and ideas in the testaments; no other poet could carry on with such vitality. Domesday Book is a mixture of satire and dramatic poetry that has the immediate interest of a novel. It breaks into soils that have long been shut out of literary use. Many who read it would be glad to have the chance of putting the author into the position of the single-taxer in the story who broke down fences.—

> Next day, however, they arrested me
> For aiding in a *trespass clausam fregit,*
> And fined me twenty dollars.

And yet, for all its largeness of intention, all its vitality and forcefulness, Domesday Book is not, to my mind, finally articulated. It seems to me unfinished. I do not mean that the poem is not brought to a conclusion. It is concluded, and, I believe, appropriately concluded. But it has parts that should have been cut away or have been more wrought over.

If ever there was in literature a whole that was made up of parts it is this Domesday Book. But not all the parts are revelatory of all their possibilities; not all the parts show a significant relation to the whole. And so after we have read the ten thousand lines that contain all the testimony and all the evidence in the case we have an impression of something not quite finished. Has everything been said for the mother of Elenor Murray? I think not. Has a significant relation to the central story been made for all the personages who are drawn into the story? I do not think so. It may be said that Mr. Masters is not under the necessity of making a complete dramatic character for everyone he brings to the inquest. Possibly not. But unless the essentials of the character are laid before us, unless the essential relation to the story is established, the testimony given is nugatory. I do not get such essential relation in the Rev. Percy Ferguson, in Widow Fortelka, or in Jane Fisher. In the middle of Domesday Book I get the impression, again and again, of walking along a sea shore and being led to view timbers that are being cast up from some uncharted continent.

The plan of Domesday Book will inevitably be likened to the plan of The Ring and the Book. In both poems we have the testimony about the same thing given from the point of view of different people. But Mr. Masters's plan is different from Browning's, inasmuch as each character he projects has been influenced by the life or death of Elenor Murray. Her death is as a stone dropped into water: the ripples made become the lines of interest. What we are watching as we read the book are ripples going over a surface that represents a large section of American society. The generalized opinion that Browning names Half Rome, the Other Half Rome and Tertium Quid is split by Mr. Masters into more than a dozen characters. There is no commanding character as in Browning.

This lack, I think, makes one of the reasons why Domesday Book gives me the impression of something unfinished. Browning, in the Pope, presents a character that is a finished piece of humanity; as such he lifts us out of the flux and gives us a sense of satisfaction, the sense that although there are around him aborted and unfinished things they are all moving towards a point of completeness. Mr. Masters would not be the genuine artist that he is if he had not made a move towards the discovery of such a character—of a piece of finished humanity. And in Gottlieb Gerald, the old piano maker, he does discover for us a personage who is above the flux, whose education by life seems adequate. He has not, however, made Gottlieb Gerald dominant in the series of testaments.

Who and what is Elenor Murray whose strange death brings on the inquest with its consequence in this "census spiritual"? The average sensual woman, one is inclined to say. Mr. Masters will not have it that Elenor Murray is merely this. By her abounding life, by her efforts towards a higher culture, by the devotion that brings her to the battlefields of France she rises to being more than the sensual average. She has her prototype in La Mencken, the American girl of the sixties who made a sensation in European capitals by taking the part of Mazeppa tied naked to the wild horse.—

> Symbol of America,
> One phase of spirit! She was venturesome,
> Resourceful, daring, hopeful, confident

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And as she wrote of self, a vagabond,
A dweller in tents, a reveler, and a flame
Aspiring but disreputable, coming up
With leaves that shamed her stock, could not be shed,
But stuck out heavy veined and muddy hued
In time of blossom.

The writer of Domesday Book will have it that Elenor Murray is significant—that she is indeed representative of America. "She is the symbol of our America," testifies Barret Bays, the man whom Elenor loved.—

A restlessness, a hunger, and a zeal;
A hope for goodness, and a tenderness
A love, a sorrow, and a venturing will;
A dreamer fooled but dreaming still, a vision,
That followed lures that fled her, generous, loving,
But also avid and insatiable;
An egoism chained and starved too long
That breaks away and runs; a cruelty,
A wilfulness, a dealer in false weights,
And measures of herself, her duty, others,
A lust, a slick hypocrisy, and a faith
Faithless and hollow.

When Elenor speaks for herself it seems to me that what she has to say is very like what that light o' love, Bonnybell the Butterfly, in Mr. Masters's previous volume, had to say for herself.—

Dear, it was love of beauty which impelled
What you have called deceit, it was my woman's
Passionate hope to give the man she loved
The beauty which he saw in her that inspired
My acting, as you phrase it, an elaborate
Hypocrisy, an ugly word from you . . . .
But listen, dear, how spirit works in love:
When you behold me pure, I would be pure;
As virginal, I would be virginal;
As innocent, I would be innocent;
As truthful, constant, so I would be these
Though to be truthful, constant when I loved you
Came to me like my breath, as natural.

But there is something that she can justly say for herself—it is that she had a will that could renew itself and a heart that asked for a sacrifice.

What strikes one in reading this mass of testimony is the extraordinary wilfulness of all the people who figure in it. They are people who never have come under a moral discipline. The two men who are Elenor Murray's lovers have wives living. Elenor gives herself to one and then to the other without any tragic realization as regards either the breach of chastity or the breach of constancy. And a wilfulness like hers is shared by every character in the testimonies.

One looks in vain for something that might curb the wilfulness of these people, something that might go towards giving them a moral discipline. Nothing is shown, and it does not occur to the poet to state that what stands between them and the fulfillment that they strive for is not poverty, is not the tyranny of small souls in power, is not Christian morality, but is just this wilfulness, this lack of discipline. The people of Domesday Book are like recruits in an army who have never been made realize that the penalty for giving up a beleaguered fortress or for deserting a drowning ship may be execution and degradation. "You know, sir, that I am bound, nay, must be tied up in that particular that might give you ease," says a wife in a comedy of Farquahar's to a suitor who is prisoner of war. "I am like you, a prisoner of war,—of war, indeed! I have given my parole of honour; would you break yours to gain your liberty?" "Most certainly I would," says the lover, "were I a prisoner amongst the Turks." That is a view of society that might come to us from the reading of Domesday Book. We have given a parole of honor, but we have given it to the Turks.

Viewed in one way, Elenor Murray's progress was towards a discipline that she must have felt she needed. Neither in the lessons she took, nor in the Church that she joined, nor in the corps of nurses that she went with to the battlefields, did she find the discipline through which she could attain to fulfillment. There are words of hers that seem to tell us this.—

Behold me as America, taught but half,
Wayward and thoughtless, fighting for a chance;
Denied its ordered youth, thrown into life
But half prepared.

The poet of Domesday Book cannot make me think of his heroine as being in any way a distinguished soul. Nevertheless, by her return to Gregory Wenner after her surrender to Barret Bays, and then by the recognition of the love she has for Barret Bays and her devotion and constancy thereafter, she becomes a woman to think about—one of these women in literature whose psychology is really feminine. By virtue of this single situation and her interpretation of it Elenor Murray emerges as a real if not an appealing woman. For the rest Edgar Lee Masters has given us a book abundant in interest, in challenge, in vitality.

PADRAIC COLUM

English Philosophy

A History of English Philosophy, by W. R. Sorley, Litt. D., LL. D., Professor in the University of Cambridge, Fellow of the British Academy. Cambridge: University Press.

A COMPREHENSIVE history of English philosophy from Bacon to the end of the nineteenth century has long been a desideratum. There have been excellent special studies of single thinkers and of special schools or periods. But the general histories of philosophy, written mostly by German scholars, contain accounts uneven in selection and emphasis. Moreover, the necessity of zig-zagging from England to the continent and back again, gives an impression of discontinuity which is singularly at variance with the facts. The truth is rather that in philosophy, even more than in politics, England has practised a splendid isolation. Except for the influence of Descartes who left as deep a mark on English thought as he did on that of continental Europe, and, in the second half of the nineteenth century, for the influence of Kant and Hegel, English philosophy has been self-centred, giving rather than receiving. It was, so to speak, an argument in the family-circle, nor did it matter greatly whether the voice and accent were Scotch, Irish, or English. The English thinkers read and criticized chiefly one another. It is the more remarkable how deep, how varied, how persistent the speculative impulse has been through the last three centuries. The Cambridge Platonists; the Scotch Commonsense School; Berkeley who, for all his contacts and influences, stands apart by himself; Locke, Hume, J. S. Mill who represent the "empiricist" strain which most critics regard as the typically English contribution to thought; the evolutionism of Darwin and Spencer—what a spectacle of rigorous, many-sided thinking it makes. Note, too, the unbroken stream of speculation on moral problems which, throughout this period, flowed from English thinkers, and which was most varied and voluminous at a time when most of the chief conti-

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nental thinkers evinced but a spasmodic and incidental interest in morals. In fact, the great paradox of modern European civilization is surely this, that the peoples of England, whose mind is so often regarded as purely practical, non-speculative, non-imaginative, should have put out more great poetry and more great philosophy than any other nation of Europe. France was always a close second; and at the end of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth centuries Germany might well claim first place. But taking the modern period as a whole, there is no nation which can equal the achievement of the English.

Thus Professor Sorley has chosen a noble theme, and his work fills a real gap. It is based on the chapters which he contributed to the Cambridge History of English Literature, and every student of philosophy has reason to be grateful to him for having brought these chapters together and made them accessible in a single, handy volume. There can be no two opinions about the competence and scholarship of Profesor Sorley's treatment, and the style, if serviceable rather than brilliant, is always lucid and direct. In "economy of phrase" the exposition achieves wonders, without being clogged by overcondensation. The chapters on Herbert of Cherbury and the Cambridge Platonists are especially useful, in that few of the standard histories of philosophy have had room for more than a passing mention of these thinkers. There is no need to say that the treatment of the great figures is sure and adequate.

If the reader has a right to complain of anything it is, perhaps, of a certain coldness and detachment which throughout characterize Professor Sorley's manner of telling his story. Indeed, he hardly seems to realize that he has a great story to tell. The thinkers about whom he writes, often glowed with excitement about their ideas. Professor Sorley never glows, and consequently does not transmit the thrill of sheer thinking from his authors to his readers. Nor does he make any attempt to sum up in vivid and memorable phrase the quintessence of a theory or a movement, the flavor of a personality. The sober but somewhat levelling clarity of his exposition never wavers. It does not rise and fall with his subject. Again, he makes little attempt, and probably for lack of space was not free to make any, to exhibit the relations of philosophical thought to contemporary life. And the only point at which his judgments diverge from orthodoxy is found on the last page where Thomas Reid, whom our realists are wont to claim as one of their spiritual ancestors, is classed among the representatives of the "idealistic tradition," along with the Cambridge Platonists.

But these criticisms cannot affect the general verdict, that this is the best History of English Philosophy which has yet been produced. Only a man who was not only a scholar, but also a genius could write a better.

R. F. A. H.

The Dark Mother

The Dark Mother, by Waldo Frank. New York: Boni and Liveright.

THE theme of The Dark Mother is of Nature as the mother. It is an old theme in Greek: Demeter, she whose symbol was bread, the harvest, the bosom of the earth. The idea in Mr. Frank's book takes on another tinge; the ancient mother of Greek poetry and life darkens to a kind of Freudian Black Mammy who never leaves any sort of bedside whatsoever, and whose sustaining shadow falls between us and everything.

In the first dozen pages of Mr. Frank's book I had a feeling of impatience at the wilful sort of vers libre effect in his choppy statements and images. But I had also at the same time the feeling that I should take him seriously. He seemed at least to be imitating things that are worthwhile, perhaps mainly Jean Christophe and The Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man. But in the end I was not convinced.

The quality of this novel seems courageous in a small way but chiefly wilful; sincere but not important. He seems to have intensity without much perception. And too often where the idea of a passage might well move into poetry, it only rises into mannerism: his viced arms, pain viced her face, they were going to dine together and then to theatre, such will do for examples of phrasing; not to speak of the spiced and overtreasured reactions and sentiments that wind in and out of the story, and the touches of sheer cant. The writer's best places are found in his portrayal of the relations of the two men in the course of their friendship. The women are less created, though now and then they are observed with what amounts to a mild audacity. But one thing Mr. Frank does do: he brings home to us anew in this book the very valuable reminder that there are vast areas of life that our literature has not yet known how to include. In that sense this novel in places may be called a creditable experiment in material.

At any rate The Dark Mother is one of those novels appearing now more and more it seems, through which are interwoven so many implications of shadowy knowledge, dark auguries of a cult of inhibitions, psycho-analyzing levees at which every subject is at home, nothing is balked at, and too much of the inexplicable is apt to be explained. The garden gods of these romances are Freud and Dr. Brill. And when they are done without power, the effect on a mere lay reader, like myself for example, grows at last fantastic, I become frivolous as a medical student; I am noisily on the defensive; I even sink to unworthy puns. "'Twas Brillig"—pops into my mind. I ask myself cheaply, have we the meaning at last of that? "'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves—"

And this is not all my fault. For it is the special business of people with new light and new daring to keep us in order through the very power and reality of their vision.

STARK YOUNG

A Correction

In the list of the season's books on page 75 of our issue of December 15th, The Menace of the Mob, by Dimitri Merejkovski, should have been listed as a publication of Nicholas L. Brown.

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